THE WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL QUARTERLY.

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THE WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL QUARTERLY.

JANUARY, 1919.

PURPOSE:—To help the women of to-day in their interpretation of Christianity, and in the application of Christian principles to the conditions of their life and work.

The Challenge to Our Loyalty to the Y.W.C.A. Message.

E. I. M. Boyd, M.A.

FROM quiet service behind the scenes the Young Women's Christian Association has been brought right forward on the stage of the world's work, and is to-day in the limelight of a great opportunity. The Governments of Great Britain, France, and the United States have turned to it on behalf of their *employées*; industrial firms have contributed equipment and money to have in return welfare workers sent by the Young Women's Christian Association among their work-people; large sums of money have been raised by public subscription, newspapers are giving it publicity, ordinary people are thinking and talking about it as never before. The eyes of the world are upon the Blue Triangle; the hearts of the workers are opening to us, as to the Y.M.C.A., in confidence. There is an

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immense field for social service open to us all over Europe and America, and in many other parts of the world, a call for what the Blue Triangle stands for such as we have never heard before the last few years. Not only because we have an organization more or less world-wide are we being thus called upon; there is a certain definite expectation in the minds of employers and employed as they turn to us. We stand to them for something; do we know what? And, knowing it, are we proudly, generously loyal to it at all times?

All expectation is more or less inarticulate, and often those who expect most can least express what it is they look for. But explicit or not, every expectation is a challenge, and the way that large sections of society, not only in Christian countries but also in non-Christian China and Japan, for instance, are at present looking to the Young Women's Christian Association is a challenge to us its leaders, a challenge to our loyalty.

First, to our loyalty to our own ideal that we are out to serve with hearts of love and hope the whole world of young women. No one class of girl limits our interest, no one nationality. Individuals amongst us may have more natural affinity with one type of girl or another, we may find our vocation in one country rather than another, but as an Association we exist to be friends with girls, whatever they are, everywhere, to love them all round not merely from one angle of vision, and to hold out to them the hope and assurance of completed personality.

Other societies besides the Young Women's Christian Association are serving young women with canteens, hostels, clubs, educational classes, the means for recreation, moral, social, spiritual ideals, and in the fuller perfection of more specialized service perhaps they achieve more in concrete results along their particular lines than we. The Young Women's Christian Association has an all-round ideal of service. It not only considers the girl from the point of view of the housing, the educational, the moral, the spiritual problem, it views her as a whole, and, drawing upon all kinds of specialists, sets at her disposal an all-round service. There is something very human about the Young Women's Christian Association, not only in its shortcomings, as many of us know only too well, but also in its ideals. Its present opportunities are first, then,

a tremendous challenge to our loyalty as servants of humanity, as lovers of girls just as people.

As methods of approach open up to us, as fresh demands are made upon us, and all kinds of workers are needed to respond to appeals, let us courageously go forward. There never lacked money yet, nor workers, for a cause of the Son of Man, and His little sisters require of us urgently that we go out further and further to meet them in His name. Even from very far off some of them are expecting great things of us as His servants, and will only be drawn nearer to Him as we are loyal to the challenge of their actual need, their desperate inarticulate need for real friendship. As Bishop Azariah once pleaded before a great missionary conference on behalf of his people in India: "You have given your goods to feed the poor. You have given your bodies to be burned. We would ask for love. Give us *friends*.

There is, secondly, in the present opportunity of the Young Women's Christian Association a challenge to our Christian ideal of service. It is a noble thing to promote thrift, temperance, and all the other aspects of self-control, to fill the lives of girls with healthy interests, to teach them hygiene and social morality, to spread the spirit of service among women. Nor can we deny that the purest Christian motives, whether professed as such or not, have underlain much social service rendered by women in many countries even by those outside the Christian Church. But among women's societies we stand for something more than mere social service. Our sphere is the world of girls, but as we serve them we do so not for their sakes so much as for His Who has set us among them. The challenge of the present opportunity is a challenge to our loyalty to Jesus Christ our Lord.

As a fellow-member of the World's Committee of the Young Women's Christian Association recently wrote: "Par les œuvres de guerre, par l'immense développement de l'activité féminine, par l'émancipation si subite des jeunes filles de vastes portes se sont ouvertes à l'influence, à la collaboration des Unions Chrétiennes de jeunes filles. Le cadre de celles-ci peut en effet renfermer toutes les activités qui ont pour but le bien moral, physique ou intellectuel de la jeune fille. Nous avons le droit et le privilège d'ouvrir largement nos cœurs et nos bras.

" Mais plus nous nous montrons larges dans l'application de notre programme, plus *le but* doit en être strictement défini et gardé en vue. Si notre activité unioniste chrétienne ne se distingue pas par son but des œuvres d'autres associations sociales elle perd une grande partie de sa raison d'être. Elle devient le sel sans saveur, dont a parlé Jésus-Christ ! Il m'a semblé distinguer à travers mes observations de ces dernières années un certain flottement d'idées au sujet du but de notre œuvre unioniste parmi celles qui en sont les ouvrières. Il y a d'abord celles qui y voient un but quelque peu égoiste. Notre œuvre est le champ d'activité où peuvent s'employer les forces féminines en friche, quelles qu'elles soient, pourvu qu'elles manifestent de la bonne volonté. On leur dit : Mesdames, vous êtes inoccupées, votre vie manque d'un intérêt supérieur, mais entrez dans notre œuvre, préoccupez-vous des jeunes, votre propre vie en sera enrichie ! Ensuite il y a la catégorie de celles qui sont poussées à l'œuvre par l'amour pour les jeunes filles ; ce sont les altruistes qui aiment à se dépenser pour le bien d'autrui, les bonnes ouvrières de toute œuvre sociale. Et enfin notre œuvre possède heureusement un grande nombre de servantes de Christ dont le grand, l'unique but est de travailler pour leur Maître, inspirées par Lui, pressées par son Amour. Elles cherchent avant tout Son Royaume. Par tous les moyens en leur pouvoir elles voudront atteindre les jeunes filles de leur génération pour les amener à faire partie du Royaume de Dieu en acceptant Christ comme Roi. Elles les développeront intellectuellement et physiquement dans ce but de les rendre apte à servir. Elles leur procureront même les joies saines et d'utiles distractions pour leur faire comprendre toute la tendresse et l'amour du ' Père.'

" Rien de ce qui se fait pour les jeunes filles, en poursuivant avec fermeté ce but unique ' Dieu ' ne saurait être en dehors de nos cadres. Mais tout ce qui se fait en dehors ou sans la connaissance parfaite du but à atteindre me semble indigne de notre drapeau des Unions Chrétiennes. Ce sont les champs d'activité des ouvrières de la première et de la deuxième catégorie.

" Pour en résumer, j'aimerais exprimer ma conviction que nos Unions Chrétiennes ne feront œuvre de valeur éternelle que dans la mesure où les ' leaders ' en seront des

personnalités fortement, passionnément gagnées à la cause de Christ et de son Royaume, et qu'elles auront toutes en vue le but unique 'Dieu.' Cette vie claire et précise nous empêchera de nous égarer dans la diversité des méthodes de travail."

Is there a Presence felt with us whether our share in the work of the Young Women's Christian Association affords opportunity or not of religious addresses or even of speaking to individuals about personal religion? A lift girl, a typist clerk, a kitchen-maid in a canteen, a lecturer on some purely secular subject, if she herself is a Christian, does surely leave a different impression upon those with whom she comes into contact from one who is without personal devotion to our Lord. Also the Young Women's Christian Association as a union of such individuals stands corporately for that secret of a purposeful Presence at work in the world. If the opening comes, let us be ready for all and every kind of service among girls; let us do it efficiently "as in the great Task-master's eye." It will surely leave, in the measure to which we are possessed by His Spirit, the remembrance of something those benefited have never perhaps met before, but which really outweighs all the actual benefit bestowed, and overrules many a mistake in the bestowing.

We would not claim that only the Young Women's Christian Association is doing the work of the Lord! "There are diversities of ministrations and the same Lord." We are absolutely convinced that His will is being done, His kingdom advanced by many other societies among women. Yet also there is a special message in the Young Women's Christian Association, in the sisterhood of women's societies.

This message is not easy to express. It is something to be lived rather than defined in set phrases: it is of such a nature that it should make itself felt as we of the Association collaborate with other societies rather than that we should need to expound it. If, however, we wish to put it into words our message may be summed up as the essential necessity for service is spiritual power through Jesus Christ. Coming into co-operation with more and more women's societies, local, national and international, we would be to them a constant reminder of the fact that there is a spiritual as well as a material side to everything, a spiritual solution

to every problem, spiritual power available through Jesus Christ to overcome every difficulty.

Not for a moment do we claim that we have fully realized this truth ourselves. Every one of us realizes how utterly far short of the possibilities of the Christian life she comes, and how far short our Association as a whole falls of its ideals, but in some measure it does possess a wonderful power. Things happen through the Young Women's Christian Association not to be really explained in any other way than by saying it is a *Christian* Association. Lives are comforted, changed from those who are all the time getting to those who give, not of themselves but of Someone far greater, in Whom they live and have their being.

That we should deliver this our message of power through Jesus Christ is the challenge of the hour to the Association. The world is so tired nowadays. Look at a draft of men coming home from the war, at a crowd leaving a factory, at any group of workers, paid or volunteers, even round our very committee tables. If ever there was a time for a message from Him Who said, "Come unto Me all ye that labour and I will give ye rest," it is now. We who are Christians, and a union of Christian people like the Young Women's Christian Association very specially, must be a storehouse of spiritual refreshment and new moral power. The tiredness of the world is a challenge to our faith in our risen Lord, Who was dead and is alive again, always ready and able to inspire to fresh service, to revivify ideals, to make far more than we ever expect or imagine possible of our feeble efforts if placed at His disposal.

As Dr. Cairns wrote recently, "The death of Jesus was the end of an age as St. Paul saw, and as he also saw His Resurrection began another. (That is the key to the Christian idea of being "risen with Christ.") But humanly speaking, everything in the way of victory depended on there being receptive (believing) and devoted men and women there for God to use. That is a picture of what always happens in such crises of God's government of mankind. Sometimes men and women are ready, sometimes He comes and "finds them sleeping."

Now in this crisis you have to think mainly of the young women of the world. They have been awakening to their true powers for many years past. Many deeply-rooted

causes in God's providence have led to this. Must we not read in these movements of life His foreknowledge of what was coming on the world, and of the immeasurable service that the new powers might yield in social reconstruction? For to-day women are the moral reserve of the nations. Our women are they who, when wearied and often embittered men come home, worn by a strain that human nature was never made to endure, may hold up by their lives the flame of spiritual life, and rekindle the dying fires."

When so many thousands of young people are disillusioned and feeling that material force is after all the decisive factor in life, it is a hard challenge that we be "filled with the Spirit." But that is our present opportunity. Housing, food, wages, are inevitably an absorbing interest with thousands of people all around us. It is for us as young women, and elder women too, to recall to them by lives of simply infinite sympathy and self-denial the Son of Man, Whose life consisted not in the things that He possessed—how foreign is the very idea to all we know of Him!—but Who chose to be poor, worked long years for His living in a little village and all the time was the Son of God, working out the vision of the kingdom that was coming. Only from time to time, and in some cases never at all, shall we be thanked by girls for what they most value in the Young Women's Christian Association. But from those of the Blue Triangle they do expect and they do realize when they receive it what that badge stands for. May we be loyal in giving it to them and loyal in everything to Him from Whom it comes. As the same friend has said whom I quoted above: "Je suis de plus en plus convaincue par l'expérience de la vérité des paroles que John Mott a une fois prononcées: 'C'est pour diriger des œuvres sociales et récréatives qu'il faut les hommes et les femmes le plus profondément spirituels; sans cela ce sont des œuvres mortes.

Constancia Medina: "One of the Shining Ones."

Persis Breed.

Miss Breed, secretary for the Y.W.C.A. in Buenos Aires, South America, has founded the following story upon that of Carolina Musilla, an Argentine who gave her life to the bettering of the working conditions of the women and girls employed in Buenos Aires. The story is reprinted by special permission from The Third Inch, a series of booklets on the foreign work of the National Board of the Y.W.C.A. of the United States.

It was half past five one hot Friday morning in February in Carnival week in Buenos Aires.

Amalia Lopez woke up with a dull feeling that the bottom had dropped out of the universe. For five seconds she wondered why; then the thought of Diego stabbed her and she sprang up. Moving rapidly, she arranged her abundant black hair in the latest Paris twist and slipped on the black dress which every vendedoro or saleswoman of the Tienda Santa Rosa must wear. Seeing that her mother was still sleeping, she softly opened the long glass door which was also the only window of the little room, and stepped into the outer air of the narrow black and yellow tiled patio. At one end of it was the iron gate to the street.

The street through which she passed was lined with little one-storey, gray concrete houses one room wide, like the one she had left, with tiny garden-plots in front in which grew a low palm or a thick-stemmed rose tree. At the corner she boarded the electric car, paid her fare of ten centavos, and then, knowing that an hour's ride lay before her along a well-known route, began to think intensely. It had happened Sunday night, the beginning of Carnival. Along this end of Rivadavia, the wide avenue stretching from the centre of the town to the outskirts where Amalia lived, the Corso had been very gay. The temporary boxes erected on either side of the street had been packed with señoras and señoritas with their attendant caballeros, in every variety of brilliant costume. Between these slowly rolled open carriages, likewise loaded with masked merrymakers in fantastic dress. The most popular señorita was she who was most pelted and whose carriage dragged the greatest number of serpentinas.

Amalia was not one of these, for she was too poor to afford a carriage, but she saw everything from the sidewalk as she stood in a group with her friends. Her green and crimson dress was of very cheap material and she had made it herself, but it was effective enough to hold its own with many a finer costume.

She had more than ordinary reasons for excitement, for Diego, her novio or betrothed, was standing only a few feet away in a group of young men, quite unaware of her nearness. She had let him think that she would wear another costume and her friends were in the secret. There was to be a surprise later and the little group laughed quietly as they watched Diego. He had thrust his mask in his pocket, so there was no mistaking him.

Suddenly a carriage approached with three girls dressed alike in pale blue and silver. Diego's group were attracted; they pelted the girls with serpentinas. Then Diego's handsome face coarsened. He shot an insult at the carriage. His group roared in appreciation and directed a stream of vulgarity at the shrinking girls. Then Diego pointed his well-aimed serpentina with another insult and the carriage moved on.

Amalia, remembering there in the street car, turned sick. Yes, it was the usual license of Carnival, but somehow she had not thought Diego was like that. She had broken with him afterward in a white rage, his amazement availing nothing against the wall of her shocked purity. She tried desperately now to forget that her dream was over, and dully began to watch the street from the window.

By this time the car had left behind the one-story shops and dwellings and the handsome residences which succeeded these on a wide avenue. It had passed Plaza Italia with the statue of Garibaldi on his spirited horse; it had passed one of the entrances to Palermo, the largest park in Buenos Aires; it had passed Plaza Libertad. It would never cease passing moving picture theatres, shops for everything under the sun, and heavy drays hitched with three big horses, one in the lead. It made its way now between high buildings along a single track on a narrow street.

Suddenly the palms of the loveliest plaza in Buenos Aires, Plaza San Martin, came in sight, and through an opening Amalia caught a glimpse of the noble bronze

statue of General San Martin on horseback. At sight of her country's liberator, her heart swelled and grew curiously lighter. In a moment more she saw the tall funnels of ships lying in the long La Plata river harbour, and five minutes afterward she reached the door of the Tienda Santa Rosa, the department store which was her place of business. Entering, she ran up the stairs to her counter and began to uncover and rearrange her stock.

Presently she was aware that the head of the department was approaching her, accompanied by a young woman. He explained that this was Constancia Medina, the new vendedora, and then curtly outlined the latter's duties. This done, he turned on his heel, and the newcomer gave Amalia an understanding smile from a pair of shining hazel eyes.

Something inside of Amalia said, " This is a friend," and the big load lifted a little. Constancia was a brown-haired girl of perhaps twenty-seven, some seven years older than herself. Her clothes were cheap and plain, but her bearing was both spirited and dignified. Behind the face with its sweetness and strength there burned something that drew Amalia irresistibly. What it was she could not have told then, but long afterward she knew it was the light that radiates only from the faces of those who have come to serve.

Through that day and for several weeks afterwards Amalia worked side by side with Constancia, with a slowly growing renewal of interest in life. There were nine long hours on her feet in Amalia's day, from eight until twelve and from two until seven. At twelve Amalia went out for lunch, but having only twenty centavos (eight and one-half cents) to spend, she went to a milk shop where for this amount she could purchase a cup of coffee and milk with bread and butter. On the sustaining power of this repast she must work till night. There were indeed a few seats behind the counters provided by a recent law, but it was the unwritten law in the tienda that the vendedoras must not sit on them.

All the afternoon handsome señoras in dark silks, and slender señoritas in wide black hats and full-skirted shell-pink voiles, came and went. By seven o'clock Amalia was ready to go, but again and again it happened that the ascensor door admitted a señora, who, ushered by the

department head, swept upon Amalia's counter for last purchases.

These stones on Amalia's path had grown to be an old story to her; she accepted them hopelessly. Not so Constancia. She never shirked, she bore a hand in whatever was thrust upon her fellow vendedoras; but her eyes flashed at injustice and she forced Amalia to think for the first time.

Little by little, as the friendship grew, Constancia told Amalia about the conditions under which women in other occupations worked in Buenos Aires, and Amalia was amazed at her knowledge. She knew the hours of labour, the wages and the difficulties of the women in the factories for shoes, artificial flowers, candy, match-boxes, tobacco, and the dyehouses, workshops, and steam laundries of the city. She knew the dangers to which the health of the workers in wax flowers was exposed, so that their faces took on the colour of the wax. She knew how the women toiling in the humid air of the laundries fainted in the heat of the summer and were docked of their wages according to the duration of the faint. Where had she gathered her knowledge and who was she? Amalia found herself wondering, but something kept her from asking. She stood in awe, as we all do, of a soul that enters into the suffering of others and gives itself in loving service. What that service was Amalia could not imagine, but she never doubted its existence.

March was now three-fourths over and the heat of the summer was abating as the autumn approached. The fall styles were coming in from Paris. One Saturday at closing time all employees were ordered to report next day for the task of marking the new stock. There was a glint in Constancia's eye, but she said nothing until she and Amalia were on the street in the soft radiance of many electric lights.

"You know that this is a violation of the Sunday law, I suppose?" she said. Next day, however, she was on duty with Amalia and worked as hard as anyone. Just at eleven that night there was a sudden stir in the tienda and the word ran from group to group that the municipal inspector had surprised the lower floor. Hurriedly the dismayed directors ordered the work stopped, and the least employee knew that a fine would be imposed on the house.

Constancia, white and shaking with weariness, nevertheless smiled; and suddenly Amalia had a wild thought that connected her friend with the inspector's visit. Too tired to think, however, she stumbled down the stairs and spent the remainder of the night at the home of a fellow vendedora in "the centre."

It was on the following Saturday that something occurred to change the life of companionship that had grown habitual to Amalia. It was the custom of the tienda to send the newest vendedoras to the top floor on Saturdays to shake out the stock that had been on exhibition during the week. Constancia had naturally been chosen for this task for several Saturdays and had expressed her indignation that the girls were forced to breath in the clouds of dust that rose from the shakings and sweepings. To-day, however, when the task was over, she said nothing but she looked ill. Suddenly she was racked with a terrible fit of coughing and dropped down on one of the forbidden seats. Presently, however, she got up resolutely, said that she must go home, and refusing assistance, went away to get her permission.

In a depression that surprised herself, Amalia plodded through the rest of the day. Waking early next morning, she went to mass and in the service found some relief for her anxiety. In the afternoon she walked the long distance that separated her from Constancia, and entered the latter's home for the first time. Constancia was lying on the sofa in the plain little sala and books were all about her. Her anxious old mother explained that her daughter had had tuberculosis, but that the disease had been checked. Now, however, the trouble had returned, owing to the work she had been doing. The doctor had warned her previously that her chance for recovery lay in her keeping quiet. Here Constancia broke in, saying that she could not rest until she had done something to help the vendedoras. She could say no more for coughing.

It was Constancia's brother who came forward to explain. His sister had for several years been studying the conditions under which women had to work in Buenos Aires, with a view to making them known, so that the public would become roused. There was a group of devoted men and women working outside of the Church to influence the passing of laws to better these conditions.

Constancia had written a pamphlet on her investigations, which had been published and which had been awarded a medal and a diploma by an exposition in a certain European city. He glanced proudly at the diploma, which hung in a large frame on the wall.

In the weeks that followed, Constancia no longer came to the tienda, but Amalia visited her often; and some of the matters over which she had wondered became clear to her. Constancia's family was very poor, but she had inherited refinement and intellectual ability. She had graduated with high honour at the free University of Buenos Aires. In spite of her poverty, her attainments and her association with prominent men and women might have seemed to separate her from Amalia, but for her overflowing love for working women.

One day, however, the disease had gained such headway that the doctor ordered the brother to take Constancia to a sanatorium in the hills, a day's journey away. Amalia thereafter found her sole comfort in visiting the mother, and the weeks dragged.

On a bitterly cold June day, she was with Constancia's mother when the latter received a telegram announcing Constancia's death. Stunned, Amalia did her best to comfort one who would not be comforted. Part of the hopeless grief of the mother lay in the fact that the funeral arrangements could not include the offices of a priest; for Constancia had long since left the Church in her impatience over its indifference to the misery of the working women. Amalia, as she recklesly bought sweet winter violets on the day of the funeral from a flat flower basket at the street corner, could not face the thought that this radiant soul was to be thus dismissed from life.

Contrary to the custom for Argentine women, she followed the coffin to the cemetery. And then she had her great surprise. There was indeed no priest at the graveside, but beside the group of men and women who had worked with Constancia, who were these ranks of women who pressed forward? Amalia looked, and then she understood. These were the women from the factories, from the laundries, from the workshops; these were the working women who loved Constancia Medina because she had loved them.

Slender meals and grief are a bad combination, and it

was apparent to those who worked with Amalia in the tienda that she was losing. One day Antonia Fernando, an older vendedora on a higher salary, insisted on taking her to lunch. "I have gone there for years," said Antonia, "and I know you can get soup and bread and butter for twenty centavos. But to-day you shall be my guest." So Amalia ate puchero, the Argentine boiled dinner, at the lunch room of the Young Women's Christian Association, and the friendly lift brightened the day for her. She studied the menu and found that she could, as Antonia had said, get more food for her twenty centavos than she could at the milk shop. So she went again and gradually came to take her lunch regularly there and to use the rest room. Then, too, Antonia introduced her to one of the secretaries of the Association, who was, like herself, an Argentine.

Slowly she became to know this secretary and at last she was able to speak to her of her problem. If God would not receive Constancia's soul then it did not matter whether her own soul were saved or not, she declared passionately. The secretary sat silent for a little. Then she said, "God seems very far off to you now, doesn't He?"

"Yes, Señorita, very far off, on a throne, like the image of Him above the high altar in the cathedral."

"But there is another image in your cathedral," said the secretary.

"Do you mean Christ on the Cross?" Amalia said slowly.

"Yes, I do. Amalia, you love Constancia because she tried to help people in trouble, because she gave her life for others, because—"

"Because she tried to follow Him," broke in Amalia. After a pause, "Yes, I see that; but you know she had left the Church."

Perhaps she only left the people in the church who she thought were not following Christ," said the secretary. "Let us try to think how God would see it. Don't forget that He is the Father of Jesus Christ."

There was a silence. Then the secretary leaned forward. "Amalia," she said, "how can your Father care any less for Constancia than those women who came to her grave? And you loved her more than they did."

A new light dawned in Amalia's eyes. "Then He does

care," she said. She gave the secretary a long look. "Then she's alive!" she said at last.

Long after she had gone away with shining eyes, the secretary sat thinking of Constancia Medina, the student. She seemed to see, as she looked into the years, the women students of Buenos Aires on the one hand and on the other the great city's working women. They were now two distinct groups, but something was drawing them together. What was it? she wondered. Then she saw clearly, at last. It was the spirit of fellowship newly born among the women and girls of the world.

Women's Work in Germany and Austria-Hungary.

By Louise E. Matthaei, B.A.

In gathering together information about the women's movement in Germany and Austro-Hungary* one is at first sight dismayed by its scattered nature; it seems to range over such a variety of topics, and always to be touching questions of great public importance without being markedly identified with any one aspect or running along definite and simple lines. The women's movement has had to register no very disastrous defeats; on the other hand, if it has won, as many think, a decided victory over popular prejudice, it has done so without one outstanding or picturesque incident. But on reflection this perhaps somewhat humdrum impression appears one of force and truth. The women's movement in Central European countries, starting somewhat late, started also from the beginning on a broader basis; it refused to confine itself for long decades, as in other countries, to the narrow channels of the fight merely for the parliamentary vote or for higher education. Moreover, it began simultaneously from different levels of society. For instance, in Hungary there is a very aristocratic suffrage movement, and at the same time a vigorous Socialist women's movement, led

* *I.e.*, before the Revolution.

by one of the most distinguished fighting proletariat women in Europe, Frau Adelheid Popp. Add to this the distinct movement of the university women students, the Radical-intellectual movement, the women doctors' movement, the women artists and writers, the reformed dress movement, the whole immense propaganda for *Mutterschütz*, Endowment of Motherhood (Ellen Key and Dr. Helene Stöcker), and we see that from its birth the feminist movement in Central Europe has been multiform. Consequently it has always exhibited a certain promising elasticity and variety. When the war came this elasticity was turned to good account. Thus, the Hungarian suffragists formed themselves instantaneously into an extraordinarily successful labour bureau, while the academic movement in Germany was able, also by November, 1914, to supply 160 Röntgen-ray women assistants to the army (one of whom was taken prisoner by the French). Meanwhile thousands of women streamed into the munition factories or replaced men as railway guards, etc., while the women leaders devoted themselves to obtaining better treatment for the wives and children of the men at the front.

An immense amount might be written on this point, especially about the children; I only stop to note the important Austrian reform early in 1914, permitting women to act as legal guardians to their own or other children, and thus abolishing the mechanical rule whereby in divorce cases the children were obliged to be allotted to the father. In both Germany and Austria the various provisions have created a practical system for the endowment of motherhood, *e.g.*, in Germany, twelve weeks' allowance of 6d. per day for nursing the child. These endowments have seemed so necessary and useful that even Conservative politicians are urgent that they should be permanently continued. Public opinion has here rather definitely enforced the breaking down of the disabilities of illegitimacy; an interesting little example is the Prussian Ministerial decree ordering the issue of the "shortened" birth certificate, where the illegitimacy of the child does not appear.

The Hungarian suffragists' labour bureau, referred to above, did very good work. It must be remembered that besides the ordinary sufferings of war there were added, in

the Central European countries, the miseries of insufficient food and unemployment, owing to lack of raw material. Unsuccessful forcible attempts were occasionally made to draft the female industrial workers on to the land, but a better measure was an extremely careful rationing of work to secure a minimum average. But during the first months of the war unemployment was general in all belligerent countries. During the first four months the Hungarian bureau had placed no fewer than 11,502 women at work, ranging from governesses through jewel polishers, tram conductors, and newspaper sellers, to 418 agricultural labourers and 500 street-cleaners supplied to the city of Budapest. The women at Vienna also began work on a large scale as soon as the war broke out. A Committee of seventeen was formed under the wife of the Burgomaster of Vienna, which met weekly, and used the large offices of the Vienna Chamber of Commerce put at their disposal. A labour bureau and thirty sewing-rooms were opened, and a huge number of hot fourpenny dinners served, of which even artists and students were only too glad to avail themselves. In the first month 30,000 cases were dealt with, and free meals supplied to 8,000 children. The work continued throughout the war, but official recognition came curiously late, no doubt partly owing to the stagnation imposed by the Stürgckh *régime*. Not till the beginning of this year did the new Ministry of Social Welfare set up an official Women's Committee to safeguard women's work; representatives of the large women's organizations serve as honorary members, and there are besides two expert paid women consultants.

The problems arising out of the drafting of large masses of women into industry have proved the same, and as formidable, in Austria, Germany, and Hungary as in other belligerent countries. Thus in the Prussian-Hessian State railways there are now 100,000 women employed instead of 10,000; in forestry and agriculture the percentage of female employment has risen from 32 to 45 per 100, in mining and metal industries from 7 to 19, in electrical industries from 24 to 55. The German Trades Unions' figures are very interesting as far as available. On paper the *proportion* of women in the unions rises from nearly 10 per cent. to almost double; yet actually there was a very serious decrease in membership, especially in 1915, and the

apparent increase is merely due to the fact that the men were withdrawn almost wholesale for service at the front. Since then there has been a gradual recovery in the male membership, but it is clear that even now the unions have failed to capture any large proportion of the vast number of new women workers. All union rules and safeguards were in any case, swept away in the plenary powers conferred on the Government at the outset of the war; now the leading women experts are pressing the great urgency of a really scientific examination into the physical effects on women of some of the new employments, as, without such precise data, no reliable policy can be pursued for women's work. The German Government came to the conclusion that night work at any rate, even in eight-hour shifts, was very inadvisable for women. In May, 1917, it was extended under the plea of public necessity by the Home Office, but already in October, 1917, we find Home Office and War Office combining to cut it down again, and absolutely forbidding it to young persons under eighteen years of age. In connection with the munition factories in Germany we may note the rapid spread of the welfare workers' idea. Before the war only employed by Krupps and a few of the largest firms, welfare workers are now sought after by every considerable firm, and courses have been opened in all the large towns to train them. Considerable efforts were made to find women who had had previous social training, so as not to turn out utterly inexperienced workers. On the training of women for social work much stress has lately been laid in Germany, and some twenty or thirty institutions giving very serious courses, sometimes occupying three or four years, have sprung up.

The institution of welfare workers shows signs of meeting with a certain opposition from the factory workers themselves, who argue that as the welfare worker is paid by the employer she is bound to act and think in his interest (the same criticism has been made in England). Thus argue both German and Austrian women's Socialist papers; yet, on the whole, the war has been much more remarkable for drawing together the bourgeois and Socialist women. It was a happy augury that on the very first occasion when German women appeared as a body in formal public life their deputations included both Socialists and bourgeoises (see on the Population Bills below).

This breaking down of the class barrier is assisted by another movement, in progress before the war, but perceptibly quickened by it. The movement is that of regionalism. Regionalism means the building up of a real local life, self-supporting and self-sustaining within certain limits. The problems of the food supply, of pensions (largely issued in Germany by each municipality for itself), have forced German towns to yet greater independence. Now there were ready to hand most excellent local women's associations, exactly suited to cope with local problems. These were the Housewives' Unions, which were consumers' unions distinct from the co-operative movement, and drawing on the middle classes. These co-operated with the municipal authorities — sometimes welcomed, sometimes barely tolerated — in fixing prices, running kitchens, buying foods, rationing coal, inspecting, cultivating allotments, arranging children's country holidays, shoe distribution, etc.

Such excellent work can but aid the movement for obtaining the municipal vote, described in my last paper. Even in Austria the movement for the local vote was beginning to make progress. Indeed, during the January strikes of this year the Government had been forced into the remarkable promise of not opposing the municipal and Diet vote to women throughout Austria (January 19th and January 22nd, 1918), and both the Vienna and the Prague Town Councils had previously appointed committees to discuss the question. Everywhere one receives the impression that more pressure was being exerted from below than appeared on the surface, and that the efforts of years were now very near their first definite victories. Thus, to take Austria again, the notorious regulation (§ 30 of the Law of Meeting), which forbids any woman to attend a "political" meeting was actually in process of being rescinded in 1913, and would surely have been swept away either during the war or very shortly after, while a Parliamentary Committee recommendation of 1917, only afterwards reversed, actually proposed to put women on juries.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that there should have been a new outburst of discussion as to the whole position and place of women in the State. The most recent has been in Germany, on the occasion of the three Population Bills, proposed shortly before the Hertling

Government went out of office. Deeply as the various classes of women differed in their opinions on the complicated medical and moral problems involved, yet they were all of one mind in protesting that the State had no right to legislate without consulting them in matters so intimately affecting their prosperity and happiness. A three hours' audience was arranged for them with the Reichstag Committee (June, 1918), when the members listened with great respect to the women's dignified and remarkably well-informed protests and opinions. The matter has, naturally, since been in abeyance, but it is interesting to note the general independence of mind and the extreme seriousness which characterised this, the first considerable public appearance of German women in formal German politics.

Another discussion which took up much space in the women's journals of 1916-1917 was of a more general nature. On December 2nd, 1916, the Bill for compulsory National Service for men was passed all but unanimously by the German Parliament. There were not wanting those who regretted that it had not been extended to women, but the Government declared that compulsory service for women involved difficulties too great to be contemplated. There was instantly revived, however, a discussion of the theme, making headway even before the war in Germany, Austria, and Switzerland, which proposes to exact from women as from men one year's "service to the State." The argument has been used to support the suffrage campaign; as the man serves one year in the military army and thereby earns his vote, so shall each woman serve one year in the social army and thereby earn hers. The first counter-argument was to point out the simply stupendous expense involved in countries already over-burdened with military budgets. This objection remains a cardinal one, not really modified by the proposal to give only an amateur training of three months or to let the upper classes pay for their own training as a kind of super-tax, for the saving effected by the last suggestion would be no great one. Another difficulty is that of age. If the training is run on to attendance at school, ending at fourteen, where and what are the useful "social" tasks which could be allotted to vast masses of schoolgirls? One nurse begged that at least they should not be let loose on the unfortu-

nate patients of the hospitals. Yet nursing, child-care, and housewifery were to be the three mainstays of the training, except in so far as added to by courses of social welfare work, good, no doubt, for the embryo social worker, but singularly difficult to arrange for the age of fourteen. It was then proposed to defer the training until later. Here not only does the interruption in the wage-earning career become an acute problem, (as with the conscription of men), but the marriage question brings untold complications. These difficulties were scarcely avoided by deferring the year's service until between the ages of thirty-five and forty-five, when, as was quickly pointed out, it would be yet more impossible to withdraw women from married life. In truth, arguments are confused because they centre round two distinct aims: some advocate the scheme because they think it will benefit the women, but others because they think it will benefit the State. The original idea was the commendable one of bringing women into more direct, more responsible, and more interesting relationship with their country; but no one practical scheme commands anything like general acceptance, even apart from the initial problem of expense. A recommendation of the "service year" was written from Switzerland for this "QUARTERLY" in the April number of 1916, and to this readers are referred. The whole discussion, whatever the practical outcome, is extremely desirable, going, as it does beyond and outside the question of the vote and attacking larger problems. And perhaps I might end by drawing attention to another most fundamental question—that of women's salaries. Is it to be the rough and ready justice of the mechanical individualistic principle, equal wages for equal work, without enquiry into sex, marriage or circumstances, or is it to be an *adjusted* scheme according to circumstances? It is an enormous question. I note as peculiarly interesting the German regulation of 1917 relating to those public women workers who correspond to the English W.A.A.C's. Where a woman has to remove from her family or children in order to take this work, an additional allowance of 25 per cent. is made in order to help towards "the double household," a modest beginning of the principle whereby wages might be partly or largely adjusted to the workers' needs.

The Future of Woman in the Near East.

Basil Mathews.

Author of "Paul the Dauntless," "The Riddle of Nearer Asia," etc.

THE battle for control of the life of womanhood that is raging in Nearer Asia came home to me in a vivid picture at Beirut. While I was there, just a few months before the great war broke out, the cinema film "Quo Vadis" was being shown for the second time, its earlier visit having been made a year before. On this second occasion the Moslem authorities issued an order absolutely forbidding Mohammedan women to visit the cinema. Their reason for issuing the edict was that on the previous visit the presentation of the heroically borne sufferings of the Christian martyrs had so moved the emotions of the Moslem women, had so aroused their pity for the persecuted Christians, and had stimulated such lively debates behind the curtains of the harems that the masculine authorities dreaded a repetition of that influence.

The incident flung up into vivid relief that often concealed but continuous aggressive movement of ideas and forces moving from the West into the Near East, forces that are now penetrating with a rapid disintegrating result into the last fortresses of Eastern life—the secluded harems of its womanhood.

The effect of this movement in a place like Beirut is typical of the influence throughout Nearer Asia, but it is typical in quality rather than in degree. In that cosmopolitan port, where you may hear spoken in one electric tramcar Turkish, French, English, Russian, Tamil, and Greek, the seclusion and separatism of the past are breaking down more rapidly than in the interior under the insistent forces of the cosmopolitan and interracial blending of the present. These influences are necessarily at high pressure there just because the place is a great international centre into which the electric tramway, the cable, the daily newspaper, the cinema, and all the transforming forces of Western civilization have penetrated.

The same forces, however, are visibly at work in every part of Western Asia. Superficially, of course, in a city

like Tarsus, with its streets whose booths of leather-workers copper and tinsmiths and tent-makers gives an impression of the unchanging East, it is difficult on the surface to see that any real process of disintegration is going on in the life of woman. I will give, however, three examples of things seen in Tarsus, each apparently meagre in itself, but each quite significant to the observer, who can from such straws of evidence see which way the wind of social movement blows.

Journeying from Tarsus past the foothills on the edge of the Cilician Plain into the Taurus Mountains, and seeing the long, swinging caravans of camels coming down the ancient Pass of the Cilician Gate, it was inevitable that one should say, "Here, if anywhere in the world, no single thing has changed since Alexander the Great led his armies down the defile or Paul and Silas trudged up its gorges. But when I came to inquire, in respect of a particular string of camels, what burden they were bearing from the West to the East the reply was "Sewing machines." Here even through the channel of this immemorial pass on that most ancient beast of burden the scientific, mechanical inventive mind of the West was flowing into the rooms of the women in the birthplace of St. Paul.

The observations, secondly, which my wife was able to make in harems in Tarsus brought out in detail this impression. In these harems she saw, in quite ludicrous association, side by side with beautiful Oriental tapestries and carpets, the more tawdry and glittering type of European ornament, and other indications of the fact that fissures had been made in the walls of the old system of seclusion and isolation.

The third example was more significant still. An Armenian Christian kindergarten had been established in Tarsus for the education of little Armenian girls. It was equipped, not lavishly, but adequately for its purposes, and a relatively well-trained Armenian woman-teacher had been provided for it, a step made possible by the existence of the St. Paul's Institute, that efficient American educational missionary institution, and by the enthusiasm of Mrs. Christie, the wife of the Principal.

The Moslem fathers in Tarsus were so thoroughly stimulated by the existence of this little Christian kinder-

garten that they actually conceived the idea of establishing one for the education of little Moslem children; and their new-born passion for education for girls—a miraculous thing in itself—was so strong that they actually put their hands in their pockets to pay for, not only equipment, but two salaried teachers. Lack of training made it impossible to find a Moslem who could run this institution; so, when we went to see the kindergarten, we discovered a Christian Armenian head teacher with a veiled Moslem assistant. The varied degree in which new ideas have penetrated the Near East was illustrated by the fact that on getting across the Taurus Mountains to Konia (Iconium), we found that the missionaries there who know Asia Minor with great thoroughness could hardly believe that so progressive a step had been taken by the Moslems in Tarsus.

Penetrating, as we were able to do by wagon, to the inner fastnesses of the Plateau of Asia Minor and staying in the house of a Turk close to the ruins of Antioch-in-Pisidia, (a Turk who had only come into touch with a handful of Europeans in his whole life), it became clear that in this remote place in contrast to the coast cities the influences of Western civilization had had hardly any effect. The acids that are biting into the old Asiatic life in Beirut and Smyrna, and are at work even in Tarsus and Damascus, are almost imperceptible in remoter Anatolia, when you get away from the Bagdad railway line.

These almost casual impressions, developed by intercourse running from the Jordan valley across Palestine, Syria, Cilicia and Asia Minor down to Smyrna, made upon me an ineffaceable impression that slowly, but with increasing swiftness and momentum, the whole fabric of the civilization of Western Asia is being transformed and that the process in the nature of things will go forward until in the remotest places and in the most secluded elements of society the outlook both of the men and of the women will undergo a thorough change.

That revolution in the *ethos*—in the whole trend and direction of life—is unlike anything that has ever happened in Nearer Asia since civilization was really established there. It has been true in earlier centuries that "the legions thundered past" leaving the East unchanged. But the cinema, the electric tram, the cabled and wireless news service, the sewing machine, the fabrics and utensils

of western industry do not "thunder past"; they enter into life at every point and penetrate to its innermost recesses. They are corrosive and explosive. They make, so to speak, a positive chemical change not in the surface aspect, but in the inner reality of life. And for this reason they are making a change without precedent.

The man, or for that matter the woman, who, having lived in the Near East, would dogmatize as to the line on which that future development is likely to move would be guilty of audacity running perilously close upon the heels of impertinence.

There are, however, certain processes both of destruction and reconstruction that are already quite clearly in evidence, and that seem in the very nature of things bound to continue. In relation to the life of woman the first of these is the gradual breaking of some of the shackles with which Islam has cramped the personality of woman. The veil, polygamy, and compulsory ignorance are three successive rows of entrenchments that are being "taken" by the powerful influences of the West.

The movement in this direction has already found such highly qualified leaders as Madame Ulviye Hanoum, the leader of Turkish Feminism, trained, it may be recalled, in the Constantinople College for Girls, established by American missionary enterprise. Madame Hanoum is a leader in the society for the defence of the rights of women, which has a sevenfold programme. The aims of this society are:—

1. "To transform the outdoor costume of Turkish women.
2. "To ameliorate the rules of marriage according to the exigencies of common sense.
3. "To fortify woman in the home.
4. "To render mothers capable of bringing up their children according to the principles of modern pedagogy.
5. "To initiate Turkish women into life in society.
6. "To encourage women to earn their own living by their own work, and to find them work in order to remedy the present evils.
7. "To open women's schools in order to give to young Turkish girls an education suited to

the needs of their country, and to improve those schools already existing."

The Society has a weekly illustrated paper, called *Kadinler-Dunyassi.*

This movement mainly appeals to those in the higher grades of social life in what was the Turkish Empire—the Lydias and Priscillas of to-day; and it is significant of the recognition paid by Government that such a development should so far from being quelled, be helped to develop itself on regularized and orderly lines; for during the war the Government had set up in Beirut the beginnings of the organization of a great Turkish Women's College, Moslem in basis but committed to a progressive policy.

One of the reasons why this movement is bound to continue and develop is that the younger men of Turkey, and Smyrna in particular, who have seen American or European life either at a university or in the cities, are not content that their wives should have no significance as comrades or in intellectual interests, in outlook on the wider aspects of life, in intelligent understanding of their ambitions or ideals.

A similar development is certainly going on though in a slower way and by different processes in the lower grades of society. The comparatively small development of industry on factory lines before the war had already called a number of girls and younger women in to work of that order; while by an earth-shaking concession some Turkish girls had actually been introduced into the Telephone Exchange in Constantinople. But the work of the mill, the office, the factory is quite certain to develop. The over-work and under-pay of women in industries in Turkey was gross in pre-war times. The effect of this evil was relatively small then, but with the widespread development of industry that will almost certainly sweep across Asia Minor, Syria and Palestine, and up the Tigris and the Euphrates, after the war, such conditions of labour as have prevailed would be calamitous if accepted; and if an attempt is made to impose them, they will almost certainly lead to severe social and industrial dislocation.

It seems, then, looking at the matter broadly, as though the womanhood of Nearer Asia was about to enter on a revolutionary period like that which her European, and especially her British and American, sisters went through

in the industrial development of the nineteenth century—the period of individual liberation from conventional control in matters of manners, relationship with men, and self-support, and of subjection, on the other hand, to the harsh discipline of industrial and commercial life. Alongside of that similarity there is the tremendously important difference that in the one case there was the tradition of relative liberty and in the other the tradition of quite severe servitude. The tremendous depth and width of this gulf can be realized faintly if we try to imagine the possibility of the existence in the Turkish Empire in the old days of a Jane Austen or Elizabeth Barrett Browning, to say nothing of a George Eliot or a Florence Nightingale.

In this seething change which faces the womanhood of the Near East the first of all necessities will be leadership, and the basis of all leadership is character, expressed in particular through will and intellect.

Islam has only begun to produce the first elements of such leadership under Western stimulus and on Christian models; and indeed the essential principles of Islam, as proclaimed in the Suras of its founder and exemplified in his life, have in them, even giving them credit for every element of nobility that is there, no real basis for the development of the leadership among women.

It is a simple statement of ultimate reality and evident truth to say that the one foundation on which a true leadership of womanhood in the Near East, as indeed anywhere, can be based lies in Him, Who, born of an eastern Mother, was the Divine Friend and Leader of Mary and Martha, lifted Mary of Magdala from corruption, gave His forgiveness and restored to purity the woman taken in adultery, and set up for all time these immortal, stern and absolute standards of purity on which alone the personality of men and women in comradeship can grow to full bloom and splendid fruitage.

To any woman to whom Christ has given these things, who stands on the threshold of life looking for an avenue down which she shall walk, the vocation comes of leading the new girlhood and womanhood of Nearer Asia into the freedom that is not license and the service that is perfect liberty. There is, so far as I know, no call more insistent and urgent, nor any that will bear greater fruit in establishing the strength and beauty of the life of the world of to-morrow, than the need of the new womanhood of Asia.

Dr. Elsie Inglis.*

Mary F. Don.

"TELL me where your need is greatest, *without respect to difficulties* . . ." These words are a true expression of the spirit which uttered them. Where the need was greatest, there, too, was Elsie Inglis; and difficulties seemed but as fuel to the unquenchable fire of her resource.

Born in India in 1864, her early life was spent there and in Australia, but, resolved to enter the medical profession, Elsie Inglis pursued her studies in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, and graduated in 1899 as M.B., C.M. of Edinburgh. Surgery, in relation to the diseases of women and children, became her speciality, and in many a poor home and back street of "Auld Reekie" the memory of "Dr. Elsie" is loved and revered. Small of stature, with broad intellectual brow, and strong mouth and chin, to those who knew her it was her radiant smile, her active indomitable courage, that most truly expressed her personality.

In 1904 Dr. Inglis attained one of the great objects of her life when she opened her maternity hospice in the High Street of Edinburgh. From her student days she had realized how much suffering and ill-health might be avoided if both mother and child received proper care, in clean, peaceful surroundings, at the time of confinement. She loved children and young things, and it was her ideal to build up a strong, clean, pure life from the very start, beginning with the mother.

The routine of the hospice was arranged for the comfort of the inmates. She hated the system under which patients were awakened in the early hours of the morning in order that all the work of the wards might be done before the day nurses came on duty. She knew how short were often the nights allowed the mother at home; how often the invalid falls asleep only as the dawn begins to dim the lamp. She would allow no one to be disturbed before six o'clock, and arranged that, before the trying, fatiguing business should be commenced of preparing the patients for the doctor's visit, each one should have a cup of hot tea.

* "Dr. Elsie Inglis." By Lady Frances Balfour. Published by Hodder and Stoughton, London. 1918. 6s.

It is in these little, seemingly unimportant things that one felt the eager throb of her tender, understanding sympathy. Her care for her nurses was equally far-seeing. She insisted that they should have a reasonable, adequate amount of free time, and that it should be in no way curtailed.

In the dingy network of streets running from Haymarket by Lothian Road to High Street she was queen, crowned and throned in the hearts of the people. The inhabitants of Morrison Street collected a small sum amongst themselves and presented their doctor with an electric lamp to light her up the dark stairways and narrow "closes"—a truly appropriate gift to one who was a light-bringer to so many darkened lives. She had always time to stop and speak to the children, to inquire for "mother" or "baby," and she was never "too busy" to take a whole-hearted interest in the doings and affairs of her young nieces and nephews. The secret of her calm "detachment" was that *she never worried.* She had many professional anxieties, many difficult cases were constantly in her thoughts, but having done all in her power for them, having given them of her very best, she left them with perfect trust in the hands of God. She was the bright, keen, sympathetic friend to all, and with her genius for friendship she gave the whole of herself to each in turn.

Good work never failed to win from her its reward of praise and encouragement; no effort was too small for her to notice and appreciate. "Not I, but my unit," was ever her reply when congratulated on her magnificent achievements in Serbia, but it was she who perceived where the special talents of her workers lay, and how to give them scope to produce their best results.

From the days of its first appearance in the sphere of practical politics she identified herself with the cause of female suffrage, and amid all the multifarious duties of her profession found time to work enthusiastically for the Scottish Federation of Women's Suffrage Societies. To her suffrage meant "service"; service which she believed women were qualified to perform for the country and the race; service in which she desired all women to take an intelligent and large-hearted share; service which means sacrifice and hard work to the women entrusted with the vote. This was her ideal, an ideal utterly antagonistic to any spirit of selfish vanity or desire for publicity. She

felt that the woman's vote would be a lever raising the world nearer to the Kingdom of God, and as such was a cause worthy of labour and devotion.

When in 1914 the great war spread over Europe like a typhoon, bringing devastation to thousands of homes, and scattering the face of the earth with wreckage, the thoughts of Elsie Inglis turned to where the need was greatest. "What you know that you must do, if in doing it you can save a life;" this is the law of the mountaineer ascending the ice-clad Alpine peaks, and Dr. Inglis, scaling the heights of scientific achievement, may well have felt the compulsion of that same law urging her to spend her knowledge, experience, and great powers of heart and brain in the saving of many lives.

At her suggestion the Scottish Federation of Women's Suffrage Societies generously applied their excellent organization to the staffing and equipping of hospital units for service abroad, and to this end a committee was formed, with Dr. Inglis as honorary secretary.

As was only natural, the Scottish units were first offered to the armies of their own country, and, incredible as it may seem, the offer was refused. But—

> "There is a Providence which shapes our ends,
> Rough hew them as we will . . ."

and it may be that but for the refusal of the British War Office to make use of the Scottish Women's Hospitals their wonderful international work had never been accomplished. Who can dare to say that the magnificent devotion of the Scottish units in succouring our Allies has not drawn immeasurably closer the bonds uniting Great Britain to the nations fighting with her, aye, and even against her, and prepared the way for truer mutual understanding and lasting peace.

By December, 1914, the first unit was established at the Abbaye de Royaumont, thirty-five kilometres from Paris. Founded by a dying monarch, who bequeathed his personal treasure to the work, and erected by his son the sainted Louis IX., Royaumont is one of the finest abbeys of France. Begun in 1225, King Louis, then but a lad of thirteen, shared, in his eagerness and enthusiasm, the labours of the builders, working with his own hands at the bricklayers' trade. Consecrated seven years later, for five centuries the abbey remained as a religious house, till in

the great tragedy of the Revolution it was despoiled, and the last remaining monks expelled.

In the Middle Ages convents were the only hospitals, and Royaumont had its "infirmarie," where Saint Louis visited and tended the sick. Once more, after many vicissitudes, Royaumont is a hospital, where the sick and suffering are tended by a devoted sisterhood of Scottish doctors and nurses, founded on the "royal law" of love and self-sacrifice.

The first unit for Serbia went out in December, 1914, followed by Dr. Inglis in the spring of the next year. At that time the Austrians had been forced to give way before the fury of Serbia's defence, but they had left behind them filthy, over-crowded hospitals, and all the seeds of a typhus epidemic. In that war-fattened soil these seeds germinated with appalling rapidity, producing a full harvest of death. It seemed impossible to cope, either by preparation or precaution, with such vigorous growth; but the Scottish units threw all their strength into fighting the disease and ended by up-rooting the noxious weed, which had threatened to choke all other life out of the land. Still trouble followed upon trouble. In September, 1915, Serbia was again invaded; this time from three sides. Germany swooped down upon her from the north, Austria from the west, and Bulgaria from the east. Serbia stood with her back against the wall of evil circumstance, pierced by many wounds, wasted by famine and disease, until she was beaten to her knees. But the nation that celebrates Kossovo, that remembers that disastrous defeat as the most solemn and inspiring event in her annals has an indomitable spirit. Her calvary will be followed by her resurrection.

In those days of agony Elsie Inglis and her units refused to leave their wounded, and for five months they nursed their Serbian patients in a conquered land, prisoners of the invader. The hospital was overcrowded, and the fear of a fresh outbreak of typhus hung over the heads of the devoted staff. Oh, the dirt and the squalor, the sights and the smells! But these brave women triumphed over them all. Dr. Elsie tells us, "We cleaned and cleaned and cleaned—an Englishman's job all over the world. . . We had not a single case of typhus."

Finally came the order to leave Serbia. On a bitter

winter night they bade farewell to their beloved hospital and were conveyed to Vienna, accompanied by an armed guard with fixed bayonets, and from thence, by slow stages, through Switzerland home to England. Home! Yes, but only to prepare for fresh adventures, only to gather further means of helping the Serbs, with whom they had shared captivity, cold, hunger, privation, and all the horrors of war.

For some months Elsie Inglis worked at home, speaking at public meetings and in drawing-rooms on behalf of Serbia. She offered to take a unit to Mesopotamia, but the War Office again refused her services, so she turned once more to Serbia, on her last great enterprise. In six weeks she organized a unit, and set out with them to join the Serb Division of the Russian Army on the Roumanian front. This Serb Division was composed of volunteers from the Slav population of Austria. It was a forty days' journey to the Roumanian front, and these wonderful women stepped straight off the train to dress the wounds of a retreating army. Streams of refugees poured along the roads, the hospitals had more than once to be evacuated on the shortest notice; at that time they were indeed the "Mobile Unit" Dr. Elsie had originally intended them to be.

Mrs. Haverfield's diary gives us a glimpse of the situation at Galatz in Roumania: "There were masses and masses of wounded, and she, and her doctors and nurses, performed operations and dressings for fifty-eight hours out of sixty-three." And this was during the rigours of a Balkan winter! But the strain began to tell. Dr. Inglis had been living up to the last ounce of her strength, the unconquerable spirit, indeed, carrying the body beyond its powers. She fell ill, but no sooner was she the least bit stronger than she left her bed, and all the time she conducted the business of the unit. For eight months (January to August, 1917) the unit was established at Reni, in charge of a hospital for Russian wounded. It was a time of peace, even also of mild social enjoyment, thanks to the hospitality of the different regiments stationed there.

After the Revolution Dr. Inglis recognized a new tone about the soldiers, but their appreciation of the hospital never wavered. The Reni Hospital was closed at the end of August, and the unit rejoined the Serbian Division, but

they started for England at the end of October to refit, taking the Serbian wounded with them. Dr. Elsie was counting on a real holiday, and her last message from Russia was written at the beginning of the voyage home, the voyage that was to carry her to another port, from which there is no returning.

She spent fifteen days in a second-class railway compartment, with no proper bed. Arrived at Archangel, there was no means of carrying her on to the boat, so, with the help of two orderlies, she climbed a twenty-foot ladder on to the deck of the transport. But such was her strength of will that she prepared all the details of the journey for the Serbs. On the voyage she had a serious relapse, and before the ship reached Newcastle she was sinking fast. Still her warrior spirit would own to no defeat. Words cannot paint the scene, the touching scene of farewell, between Elsie Inglis and the Serbian Staff. Weak and suffering, she stood valiantly before them, giving to each her hand, and speaking to each a few parting words of cheer. Her two sisters and a niece arrived at Newcastle before the end, but we must turn to the biography for their own words, telling of the passing of this great soul . . .

"No wonder Britain is so great if her women are like these!"* Hers was the true greatness which lies in service, in service to which she brought the very best that was in her. Hers was the calm judgment, the fiery enthusiasm, the vigorous energy, the undaunted courage of a Saul of Tarsus, an apostle of a great cause, combined with the large charity which gathers all small, sorrowful and suffering things into the arms of its universal motherhood. "She was never a lone woman," writes a friend, "she was always one of a family in the heart of a family," beginning with devoted parents and a large circle of brothers and sisters, and ever widening its borders to embrace the heights of human aspiration and the depths of human need. Serbia was, perhaps, the dearest child of her affections, and Serbia showed her fine perception and appreciation of what Elsie Inglis had done for her in the fountain erected to her memory at Mladenovatz. Water, in its living refreshing, purifying beauty is indeed an emblem of her, who brought life out of death, hope out of despair, and health out of disease to this stricken land.

* Mayor of Constanza.

Her foundations were upon the holy hills. The torch of her life was kindled at the fire of God's love. To her the fight for the admission of women to full rights of citizenship was as the forging of a consecrated sword, to be drawn in a holy war for the cause of Christ.

> "As knights of old, who, kneeling lowly, laid
> First on the altar of a holy vow
> Then on their lips a consecrated blade,
> So do we offer, Lord, our new-won right
> Upon the altar of all human need,
> Bending to kiss the Cross by which we fight,
> This is our faith, O Christ, and this our creed." *

And the romance of it all! To the loving heart and the seeing eye romance is everywhere—the thread of gold in the web of life, running even through sordid things.

On the day of the funeral the streets were lined with sorrowing people, a guard of honour formed by the love of the poor. Thousands thronged St. Giles' Cathedral, and there in the shrine of Scotland's soul, the crown of Edinburgh's glory, the outward symbol of all that was deepest and most sacred in her own life, lay all that was mortal of Elsie Inglis, while the solemn words of prayer and thanksgiving rolled among the arches and the tattered banners of past heroism. Flag-draped is St. Giles', flag-draped the coffin as befitted the last offices for one who had led a soldier's life in the conflict for women's freedom as well as on the battlefields of Eastern Europe. As we think of her the words of that other warrior-pioneer ring in our hearts, "I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course."

Her life has a message for us all; in the words of her biographer: "She achieved what she did because she was ready when the opportunity came. Consistently she had lived her life, doing whatever her hand found to do with all her might, and ever following the light."

"Much-Afraid," sad Mr. Fearing's daughter, went over the river singing, "but none could understand what she said." Elsie Inglis the fearless entered the cold stream with words of cheer on her lips and the certainty in her heart that higher service awaited her on the other side:

* "The Vote," from "In War and Peace," by Mary H. J. Henderson, Ex-administrator, the London Unit, Scottish Women's Hospital.

"Yet we who followed where your footsteps trod
Beyond our island shores, who knew your quick
Instinctive action for the helpless sick,
Your clear-voiced answer when there came the call
For succour from a nation like to fall.
Who saw that undulled radiance in your eyes,
Given to those with whom the 'Vision' lies.
We know that in that flag-protected cask
Lies but the weariness of her, whose task
Grown greater than her tired mortal frame
Bears her beyond to greater strength and fame." *

The Outlook of Upper-Class Girls in Roumania.

Annie M. Parr.

HAVING spent the last six years in Roumania, I have been asked to write a short account of Roumania's women and their needs. On the life and outlook of the peasant woman I cannot touch, having been brought very little into contact with her, but I have had a good opportunity of studying the life of girls of the upper classes, and am much in sympathy with their hopes and conflicts.

The Roumanian girl is given a first-rate education as far as book lore is concerned, indeed she could easily beat the average English school-girl in a general examination. She usually speaks English, French, and German fluently, and is well acquainted with the literature of all three countries, also her knowledge of European history is far above the standard set in an English school. Perpetual contact with foreigners has given her a broad outlook, and although she is generally a thorough patriot, she has none of our insular prejudice against things foreign. She loves Roumania better than any other country, but she does not think it necessarily superior to any other, and is always anxious to learn and willing to adopt any ideas or customs that she thinks superior to her own. The girls of the present and rising generations are in many ways in advance of their parents; they feel this, and are struggling for

* "In Memoriam, Elsie Maud Inglis," by Mary H. J. Henderson.

emancipation. If one talks to the schoolgirl or young woman of the present day one finds a spirit of revolt in her—revolt against old-fashioned prejudices, against being tied and bound by useless conventions, against the incessant asking "What *le monde* would say" if they were allowed to do this and that. Several times I have asked mothers why their girls may not do various things that ours do, and I invariably got the answer, "*Cela ne se fait pas chez nous.*" I have asked why; what harm would there be in it? "None at all; if other people's girls did so I should certainly let mine, but I cannot be the one to begin; I should be criticized."

This absolute lack of independence of action on the part of her parents, their fear of doing anything that their neighbours might not think correct, is getting on the nerves of the present-day girl, who is struggling to break through it, and this perpetual contention between the old and the new way of viewing things is destroying the harmony of many homes, and making girls discontented with their lot and anxious to break away from it. The mother loves her daughter dearly, but she is not her friend. "Mother would not understand" is what one hears on all sides, and it is generally true, for the mother and daughter start from a different standpoint, their minds work on different planes. The girl wants to assert her individuality, to live her own life and develop her powers according to her own bent. She would like to be a doctor, perhaps, or go abroad to study some art or science, but her parents think that her lot in life is marriage and nothing else, and as soon as her ordinary education is finished an eligible young man is presented to her, whom she is persuaded into accepting as her partner for life. She has seen nothing of the world or men, and had no opportunity of knowing or comparing them, or developing her own ideas about them. This one has money, is of good family, has average looks, and is as agreeable as most men: she will have no peace until she marries, and he will do as well as anyone else, so she accepts him, and as soon as her trousseau can be got ready she is married, tied for life to a man that she neither knows nor loves!

Young women have admitted to me that they married to be free of their parents. "And if we don't get on we can always divorce" is what one hears girls saying when

discussing these questions. I said just now that they were tied for life, but they do not regard marriage as the solemn, irrevocable step that an English girl does; divorce is so easy in Roumania that they marry with the possibility of it in their minds. If for the sake of their children they do not actually divorce, they often agree to lead independent lives, the husband forms another connection and leaves his wife free to do the same; and although many brave women remain to the end faithful to an openly unfaithful husband, the temptation to do otherwise is exceptionally strong under the circumstances, for she probably knows real love for the first time after tying herself to the wrong man; she has the impulsive Latin temperament, unaccustomed to much self-control, and the knowledge, too, that society will not blame her if she gives way, for ideas on the subject there are so utterly different to our own.

Of course all Roumanian marriages are not such failures as I have depicted. I have come across well-assorted couples living most happily together, but, judging from my own observation, these are rather the exception than the rule, and even in cases where the marriage is not an unhappy one, there is not the comradeship between husband and wife that there is with us. A man does not make a real companion of his wife, he does not expect her to share his interests outside the home—in fact, he treats her somewhat as the hero of Ibsen's "Doll's House" treated his wife, as a pretty plaything, to be fondled and caressed when he feels so inclined, to be well-dressed and make a good appearance at the head of his table, to see that the domestic wheels run smoothly, and to give him *de beaux enfants*. But that she could take an intelligent interest in his work, or be a real companion in his recreation, that they could have anything in common beyond their house and children, in fact, does not, in most cases, enter his head. And this want of common interest is a large factor in bringing about separation and divorce.

I have discussed love and marriage problems with both men and women in Roumania, and the general opinion of the men seems to be that lasting love does not exist. "One may esteem a woman to the end of her life, but one cannot continue to love her," said a married friend to me. If this esteem is great enough, he will continue to live with

her before the world, while consoling himself in secret with someone else. And the wife knows it, and, if she happens to love her husband, deplores it, but consoles herself with saying, "All men are alike, my husband is no worse than the rest."

The great problem in the life of Roumanian girls is that of marriage, because it is the lot of nearly all of them. There are more men than women in the country, so that only exceptional circumstances—such as having no "dot"—keep a girl from not marrying at all. She has more choice than the average English one in the first place; also she has that horror—which most of us have not—of becoming a "vieille fille," and marries to escape it. The whole attitude of both men and women towards the question wants changing. There should be freer intercourse between young men and women than there is, more comradeship, in fact. One rarely, perhaps never, meets those delightful friendships between the sexes that exist with us. Our boys and girls often marry after years of real friendship, they know each other thoroughly, and their love has a lasting basis. But friendship does not enter into the Roumanian's conception of love—the latter to him means passion, simply and solely, and that is why he says that it cannot last. Things are getting better in this way as sport becomes more popular. Girls and boys are beginning to play tennis together, for instance, to go for excursions, riding-parties, and so forth, and to have some opportunity of exchanging ideas beyond the banalities of drawing-room conversation with the constraint of a parent or chaperone always present.

To train the girls to realize the beauty and holiness of marriage founded on real love and friendship; to undertake it with far more deliberation than they do; to see that they cannot safely found a life-union on a few weeks' acquaintance, that if they attempt to do so they have only themselves to blame for future unhappiness; this is one of the things that those interested in the future of Roumania should aim at. Another thing is to correct the general tendency to disparage the unmarried woman. As I have said before, the fear of being an "old maid" rushes many girls into senseless marriages; it therefore follows that one way to correct the latter is to teach them that a single woman may be as useful and as honoured as a married one, if she is doing her part in the world's work—following

out some definite bent and supporting herself instead of living an aimless life at other people's expense. The idea is still prevalent in Roumania that a well-born woman cannot earn her bread and butter. An unmarried woman of limited means will live on any relation willing to keep her rather than try to gain a penny for herself. A friend once told me that he had been unable to marry because he had been obliged to keep his sisters. I said, "Why have not your sisters worked for themselves?" He looked at me aghast! "My sisters work! Why we are one of the oldest families in Roumania. Girls of good family don't earn their living *chez nous* as they do *à l'étranger*." I tried to show him that we should consider it a mark of good breeding rather than otherwise to wish to be independent and support ourselves instead of being a burden to our families, but I did not convince him. Fortunately the rising generation is thinking differently; girls are wanting to strike out paths for themselves, and in this they should be encouraged. We must show them that work in all its branches is honourable, and that to live on the exertions of others and thereby hinder them from living as they would, when we could perfectly well support ourselves, is dishonouring to the name we bear, and the higher born we are the more ashamed we should be of doing it.

That Roumania has a great future before her no one who knows her can doubt, and in no way can we help her more surely than in helping the future wives and mothers of the race. The Roumanian woman is peculiarly sensible to good influences—she is an intense admirer of the noble and beautiful in character, and only needs a high standard put before her to be speedily encouraged to live up to it.

The National Church of Roumania is the Orthodox one, which, although differing from the Anglican in ceremony, is almost at one with it in doctrine. It has not a great hold on the upper classes, owing largely to the fact that the priests are generally men of humble birth and very limited education. The average young woman of the present day goes to church but rarely, and then usually to please her parents, and there is rather a tendency amongst young people generally to regard the Church as an old-fashioned, superseded institution, suitable only for the ignorant and superstitious. Everyone communicates at Easter, and with many that is the only time that they

go to church at all, except for weddings, funerals, and memorial services. There are many of the last named, as it is customary for seven years after a person's death to hold an annual service in his memory, which all relations and friends attend.

The Easter-even service is very beautiful, though in many churches its impressiveness is marred by the incoherent gabbling of the clergy and the irreverent behaviour of the congregation. It is quite usual to shake hands and talk in church, and people are walking in and out during the whole of the service. I took a girl of seventeen to the Anglican Church in Bucharest once, and she was much struck by the silence and reverence of the congregation. "People go to your church to pray," she said on coming out; "they go to ours to see their neighbours." There is no confrmation in the Orthodox Church, the infant receives the Holy Sacrament at baptism. No one may communicate without confession, but, provided that this is complied with, the priest will admit members of any other Christian community to the Holy Communion. The Orthodox Church differs greatly from the Roman Catholic in this respect, it considers all Christians as brethren, and never tries to proselytize, in fact, it thinks very little of a man who leaves the Church of his fathers to join another. The Church in Roumania is very united; there is practically no dissent in the land.

Probably in no country in Europe have the women gone in for Red Cross work during the great war more whole-heartedly than in Roumania. During the winter before the campaign many of them attended first aid lectures, and when war was declared in August, 1916, women of all classes flocked to the hospitals where they took up any work that was offered them, from helping in operations and doing dressings, down to mending linen and serving the meals. In the hospital in which I was working in Bucharest after the evacuation of that city, all the dressings were done by V.A.D.'s—most difficult dressings, too, such as one rarely sees over here, and if one did, no one but a doctor, or perhaps a very skilled sister, would be allowed to touch. Yet these Roumanian girls, most of whom had never seen a wound before in their lives, took their courage in both hands, and—under the guidance of the doctor—did splendid work, thereby saving many

precious lives. Their zeal and devotion, joined to quickness of perception and general intelligence, were invaluable at such a time. And when one considers how versatile is the Latin temperament, how people of that race dislike monotony and anything approaching drudgery, it is all the more astonishing that they went on month after month without flagging, always bright and gay, when all the charm of novelty had faded from their work.

As the trained nurse—as we understand the term—does not exist in Roumania, the V.A.D. out there had far more responsibility than she has in an English Red Cross hospital where she is under the sisters. There the V.A.D.s were the sisters, so to speak, and directly responsible to the doctor for all cases in their charge, also for the supervision of the paid "nurses" who were under them and who did the general work of the wards. Trained nurses are badly needed in Roumania, and there is a great opening there for any fully-qualified women who would take the trouble to learn the language—in fact in private nursing it is not necessary to know much Roumanian if one speaks French fairly fluently, as the latter is the language of society. There is an institute in Bucharest—founded by the late Queen—which receives a limited number of girls of the middle-classes who attend lectures and visit hospitals, and are afterwards employed in private nursing, but they are by no means "trained" according to our interpretation of the word, and in the hospitals simple peasant women, without even this attempt at training, are in charge of the sick. All this makes it the more astonishing that the upper classes took to nursing with such zest during the war, but the Roumanian is a patriot before all things, and no one needs further proof of it who has had the privilege, as I have, of working month after month, in most trying conditions and against fearful odds, shoulder to shoulder with the Roumanian V.A.D.

The Chinese Girl.

M. E. Faithfull Davies.

How can I describe adequately in a brief article a creature so many-sided as the Chinese girl. I have the sincerest admiration for her, and feel certain that she is destined to become a great influence in her own country. Compounded, as are all of us, of faults and virtues, she has a strong character, and is indeed worth winning for Christ. Among the daughters of aristocratic families I have devoted friends, some of whom are still heathen and many who have become Christian when students. In this class there are none born of Christian parents or brought up as Christians, and, therefore, among them Young Women's Christian Association secretaries will find grand opportunities for service and witness.

The outstanding characteristic of the Chinese girl is her capacity for deep affection. Once when visiting a pupil of mine, called Crystal, a few weeks after her marriage, I was horrified to discover that she had married the husband of her favourite cousin. Both girls belonged to distinguished families, but their devotion to each other outweighed family pride and every other consideration. The cousin explained, "I was married the year before last, and after some time I went to my mother-in-law and said that I loved Crystal so much that I could never be happy without her, and asked her to arrange that her son should marry Crystal as well as me. The Tai-tai wanted to please me so she sent go-betweens and the marriage was arranged. Crystal is not a concubine, we are both legal wives; that is possible according to our Chinese custom." Sadly I spoke of the Christian ideal of marriage and of the Holy Book which Crystal had studied at school. The two girls listened politely but smiled at each other.

A few days later I saw Crystal alone and asked her, "Did your husband wish to marry you?" "No, he wished my cousin to be his only wife." "Did you wish to marry him?" "No, not at all, but my cousin said she would commit suicide if I did not do it, and I love her very much." "What about your mother-in-law?" "My mother-in-law only arranged the marriage out of

fear lest my cousin should commit suicide and bring a curse upon the family." "Crystal, you know that what you have done is not good. You are not a concubine but still people may look down upon you." She smiled. "Yes, it is best to be the only wife, but if people despise me I am willing to bear it, for I love my cousin very much."

The affection of a Chinese girl once gained is not easily lost. I could write much of their constancy, but one instance will suffice. On my first arrival in China I was sent to live in a boarding school for heathen girls. The young pupil teachers, who were Christians, were eager to help me to learn Chinese, and one in particular, whose name was Jewel, constituted herself my interpreter, and expressed great affection for me. A few months after my arrival, I left the school on account of illness, and before I returned Jewel was married and went to live in the country. She wrote me adoring letters, containing such sentences as these: "I love to look at my flower, which is your photograph;" "All day long I wish for night for then I dream that you are coming to my house in your sedan chair." Schoolgirls are the same all the world over, thought I, her affection will be as evanescent as it is sentimental. But that was twenty years ago, and though I have seen Jewel only twice since she married, she still writes and cares for me as much as ever. A few months ago a letter reached me here in England from her.

In the Boxer Rebellion of 1900, when three thousand Chinese Christians were massacred in North and Mid China, this quality of constancy shone out brightly, and many Chinese girls won a martyr's crown. To burn a stick of incense to the idols would have saved their lives, but they were faithful unto death.

As in other countries, so in China, with keen affections is allied very frequently the failing of jealousy, and lest it should be aroused great care is needed. Nothing is more fatal to the influence of a missionary or a teacher in China than favouritism, and for this reason the utmost circumspection has to be exercised in expressing affection. When non-Christian boarding schools were first started by Chinese women, they frequently collapsed because of a strike of the pupils on the ground that the head mistress or one of the teachers loved one girl more than the others. As a

general rule, public opinion blamed the teachers more than the pupils, and in most cases the parents thought the action of their daughters was justified.

Doubtless Chinese pride had something to do with the strikes, but the most frequent manifestation of this is in the universal dread of "losing face." "Losing face" is pidgin English for a Chinese phrase, the meaning of which is obvious. The expression is sometimes used in England, but the experience represented is taken more or less lightly. In China to lose face is a terrible calamity, and even small children take it to heart. I once heard terrific howls from a little girl, as she sat on the ground in an attitude of utter despair. For some reason she wore shoes without socks, and a missionary who met her in the garden had said, "Make haste and put your socks on, you look like a beggar child." She was cut to the heart, and it was long before she was pacified by the little crowd of sympathetic teachers and pupils surrounding her, who were evidently indignant with the foreign lady for telling the child that she looked like a beggar.

On one occasion I myself, when in sole charge, unwittingly upset the whole school, and nearly caused a strike. The girls were supposed to breakfast at eight, and to be seated in their places ready for prayers at half-past eight. I went down one morning at the usual hour for prayers, and found them just beginning breakfast. One girl explained that the cook had not brought the breakfast in time, so I went to the kitchen to inquire. The cook declared that when she had carried in the hot rice at eight o'clock the girls had told her to take it away because they were not ready. I went back to my own rooms, and as I passed the dining-room I said, "You ought to be ashamed of yourselves that you are sitting eating your breakfast at prayer-time."

All the morning there were black looks, and at mid-day the six senior girls came to me and said that they would all go home at once if I did not withdraw what I had said. They had lost face, though the cook was to blame, and they would never recover the respect of their friends. All the city would know it before long, and the school would have no pupils, in short, they implied that I had ruined the school and blighted their whole lives by telling them that they ought to be ashamed. At that time the school was the

only girls' school in Foochow City which had not been closed, either temporarily or permanently, because of internal troubles. I was in a dilemma, realizing that I had used the wrong word, yet knowing that if I withdrew it they would declare that I had acknowledged that they had not been to blame, which would undermine my authority. Also I privately believed that the good old cook had spoken the truth, though I could not prove it. So I said, "How am I to know whether you or the cook tell the truth? If she brought the rice at eight, and you sent it away, *you* ought to be ashamed of yourselves, but if she did not bring it till half-past eight, *she* ought to be ashamed of herself." Peace was finally restored to my immense relief, and ever since I have avoided the word "ashamed."

As regards the truthfulness of the Chinese it is difficult to write, for the standard of truth differs greatly in different nations. Who would blame the hostess who says to a visitor, "Delighted to see you," when her real feeling is annoyance at being disturbed? A Chinese lady will go further, and try to force a visitor to stay longer, while probably hoping that she will insist on going. To show appreciation and refrain from fault-finding is ordinary politeness the world over, but the Chinese idea of etiquette is to pour out extravagant praise, even while obviously thinking of something else. Once some Chinese ladies, after going through my small house in Foochow City, exclaimed, "How large and splendid it is, bigger than Kushan Monastery!" I repeated this later to my pupils as rather a joke, for Kushan Monastery is a large group of handsome buildings, but instead of smiling, they said, "What great politeness! The visitors understood etiquette very well."

Not unknown to ourselves is the expert tennis player, whose idea of "good form" is to say that she can just get a ball over the net. Similar self-depreciation, but pushed to an extreme, is an important element in Chinese etiquette, and failure on the part of a foreigner to meet praise with appropriate self-depreciation causes a bewildered expression on the face of a Chinese lady, who probably thinks, "Well are these foreigners called barbarians."

I have often been puzzled as to the reason which causes Chinese always to give false excuses. The real excuse or reason for any given action may be better than the false

one, or quite as good, but there seems to be a prejudice against it. A girl who wants to go home for her father's birthday says that her grandmother is ill. If her grandmother were ill, she would perhaps say that it was her father's birthday. One can arrive at the truth by casually asking several people, "Why does So-and-so want to go home?" Children are sent as bearers of false excuses, and hear their elders deceiving each other in such matters, and naturally follow their example, but if young or old were accused of lying, they would be frankly astonished. Mothers deceive their little ones as a matter of course. "My little boy cried so much when I was starting to see you that I had to deceive him, and promise I would stay at home." Yet with all this customary deception an habitually untruthful person is never liked, and in business matters a Chinese merchant's word is his bond, and a bargain once made is not repudiated.

All Chinese have great respect for learning, and girls at school, with the exception of small children, are usually industrious and hardworking. They are very keen about their examinations, and as the end of term approaches they are spurred to a furious industry. A small girl once came to me in tears to say that she could not sleep for terror lest her bed should take fire, for her bed-fellow lit a small candle at three o'clock every morning to study for her examinations.

It was only with the dawn of the twentieth century that Chinese students began to realize that memory is not the only faculty to be employed in study. Formerly girls would learn by heart all the books in which they were to be examined (with the exception of the English readers), perhaps the whole of the Gospel of St. Matthew, a history book, a geography book, and part of one of the ancient classics. It was a hopeless plan, for though they often won high marks, after the holidays hardly a vestige of the books learned seemed to remain with them. The chief aim of a foreign educationalist in China is to teach his pupils to think, to frame his questions so that they cannot be answered by a repetition of the text, and to suggest difficulties, leaving them to find a solution. Some years ago in a theological college two lecturers, on consecutive days, spoke on the doctrine of the Atonement, giving contrary views. The head of the college on discovering

this went to inquire if the students were much perplexed, but no, they had quite calmly accepted *both* theories. Of late years Chinese students have bettered in this respect and are more mentally alert, but there is still room for improvement.

After the revolution of 1911 one of the catch-words among both men and girl students was, "We have no souls; when we die we come to an end." I often questioned, "How do you know you have no souls?" and the answer was, "Everyone says it now; I don't know why." Or if I asked, "Why do you think you come to an end at death?" "Everyone says it, so it must be true." At that time of wild excitement, when new ideas of patriotism were firing both men and girls to fight for their country, they had no ear for Christianity, though they tried to sweep the heathen religions away. Then after a few months came a fearful epidemic of cholera, and the people in terror built up again the idol temples which the students had pulled down, and summoned the priests to return. The priests, of course, said that the despised idols had sent the epidemic and must be propitiated; they held noisy processions, collected large subscriptions, and soon lined their pockets. There was no more talk of coming to an end at death, for alarm and trouble had made young and old realize their need of religion, and many who were genuinely dissatisfied with heathenism began to inquire about Christianity. When Chinese girls really think their heart-hunger often leads them to seek the Lord Jesus, the Bread of life.

Industry and success in examinations lead on to the desired goal, which is a certificate. Certificates are the pride and joy of a Chinese girl, and when she is married and her trousseau and bedroom furniture are carried to the bridegroom's house by a procession of coolies, most prominent of all are her framed certificates. On the wedding day the guests admire the furniture and pictures, but when they describe the wedding afterwards, the beauty of the bride and the delicacies of the wedding feast, they never fail to mention the certificates. Among the upper classes the bride is usually older than the bridegroom; she may be about twenty, and he seventeen or eighteen. In consequence the bride has sometimes a higher certificate than the bridegroom, which makes the poor boy feel rather

nervous of the unknown girl whom he is to marry. I knew one bridegroom who ran away directly the ceremony was over, leaving the bride forlorn. In the end, however, all went well, and they are now a most devoted couple.

Chinese girls, like their Western sisters, are usually interested in dress. Tailors are skilful in remodelling last year's silk suits and adding the latest trimmings, and goldsmiths charge very little for melting down and remaking the gold bracelets, earrings, and ornaments, which must be up to date in pattern. At present skin-tight trousers are in fashion for girls and short, close-fitting coats with tight sleeves. A few years ago, when a friend of mine showed the girls in the school some handsome silk coats with wide embroidered sleeves, which she meant to take to England, the girls nearly wept and entreated her not to let the English people think that they wore those ugly old-fashioned clothes.

The women and girls of China are exceedingly business-like and practical, and business aptitude is expected of them. Wealthy people of the official classes invest their money in house property and in trade instead of banking it, and keep a sharp eye on the books of the shop which they have financed as well as themselves collecting rents and interest on loans. They also have many pensioners, poor relations who receive a certain sum per month or the children of former servants for whom education is provided. If the husband be away holding office in a distant province it is the wife's duty to look after all the business, and she is preferred even to a brother because her interests are identical with those of her husband. About thirty years ago a young Chinese fell in love with a girl whom he saw at a wedding, though he did not speak to her. With the aid of go-betweens a marriage was arranged and shortly took place; but the pretty bride turned out to be stupid and brainless and the husband was distracted. He was a naval man and was seldom able to be at home, and he found that his secrets were blabbed, his pensioners left unpaid, and, worst of all, that he was losing money all round. At last he decided to take a concubine or inferior wife, and interviewed a number of girls who were offered to him by respectable parents of a lower class. He examined them to see if they could read and write and do accounts, and questioned them to find out if they were

business-like. The girl finally chosen was all that could be desired. When I knew her, years later, she had a family of charming children, who adored her. She was straightforward, capable, and dignified, and though she had supplanted the head wife as her husband's *confidante*, she always treated her with the utmost deference, and there seemed to be no friction between them. By that time the husband was a powerful official, well-known all over China, with great affection for England, where he had been educated, and with strong leanings towards Christianity. He seemed to be the last man to take an inferior wife, but to the Chinese who told me his history his action seemed the only solution of an almost insuperable difficulty.

In business matters I often find that my pupils are far more capable than I am. Two or three years ago Miss Coppock was in Foochow for a week of meetings for Chinese girls, and I went out for one day from the city to the place where they were held. In a talk with Miss Coppock I heard of the difficulties which had been experienced by the Committee in finding a house in the city suitable for Young Women's Christian Association work, and that it seemed hopeless to think of deciding on a house during her visit, though her great desire was to have the matter settled. I offered at once to help in the house-hunting, and on my return to my city home I went to see Mercy, a girl of eighteen, in whose practical abilities I had great confidence. I said to her, "Now, Mercy, can you find a house for the Young Women's Christian Association ladies, big enough for them to live in, and with extra rooms for classes and lectures? It must be in the aristocratic part of the city, and the matter should be arranged this week." To cut a long story short, a suitable house was found next day, and before Miss Coppock left she had seen and approved it, and the guarantee money was paid over; the house, when painted and furnished, became the Young Women's Christian Association headquarters, and it is still the centre for work, though the missionaries themselves now live in a foreign built house on the top of a hill.

Much more could I write did space allow, but I close with the hope that many of my readers will be called of God to work in the East, and will find happiness in the friendship of girls such as those whom I have all too briefly described.

The Industrial Women of Tokyo.

THE city of Tokyo is surrounded on three sides by industrial suburbs, which have either sprung up entirely during the last decade or have grown beyond all recognition. Among the latter is Oji, lying to the north, near one of the large rivers emptying into Tokyo Bay, which has grown from a town of 12,000 to a city of 40,000, not including the 20 per cent. of the population which is said to be unregistered.

Many of the largest factories in Japan, which number their *employées* by the thousands, are located here; the Government arsenal employs 5,000 men and 5,000 women, and in the Government printing office there are 2,000 women and half that number of men. The large spinning (cotton) factory has recently enlarged its dormitories to accommodate 1,600 girls, largely recruited from the country, and draws another thousand girls from the neighbouring towns and villages. The only other factory that maintains a dormitory is a woollen factory, which has one-half of its 800 employed women in dormitories.

It is only in a small minority of families that husband and wife are not both employed in factories, from six in the morning until six in the evening, and the small children are left at home, either with old men and women too feeble to work or with the elder children, who are kept out of school for this purpose. The children are practically without care and without restraint all day long, and one could not expect them to be anything but quarrelsome, and given to lying and stealing.

A day nursery was started two or three years ago by a retired army officer, but this reaches only 100 of the 3,000 children said to be between the age of three and school age, and one of the great needs that has been particularly emphasized by the managers and directors of the different companies whom the Young Women's Christian Association has consulted is the establishment of day nurseries in places convenient to the large factories, with visiting nurses to go about to the homes.

The girls living in the dormitories of the factories are virtually prisoners, for there are usually only two factory holidays a month, and even then the girls are not, as a

rule, allowed to leave the factory grounds. In some factories the managers provide entertainments on holidays, but they are not planned with any educational or moral value in mind, except in the so-called model mills. Many of the authorities, however, are becoming more and more favourable to Christianity, and are allowing Christian people to give talks to the *employées*. Just within the last month an invitation came unsolicited from the large spinning factory in Oji to hold an entertainment on one of the holidays, but we were warned that a religious talk would receive little attention from the girls, as had been proven several times when priests were invited to speak. We felt it to be a distinct challenge, and secured an unusually clever speaker, who had made a speciality of Old Testament stories and illustrations, and he held the girls' attention for forty-five minutes. They enjoyed trying to learn a simple hymn, and after fifteen minutes' practice were able to carry the tune very well. Miss Kato, the General Secretary of the Tokyo Young Women's Christian Association, asked them if they had ever sung any hymns before, but it seemed to be the first time for all of the 1,300 present.

After the meeting we played games with a few of the youngest girls, and the others stood by and watched, and it was with difficulty that we extricated ourselves even after two and a-half hours. At the last moment the matron told us that a small group of girls had learnt a folk-dance, and would like to perform. Three years before a teacher had taught one of the girls, and the simple dance had been taught one group after another, and cherished as a great source of joy all that time. It gave one an intense longing to be able to open up to them more and other sources of pleasure. After twelve hours of work standing at spindles, the girls need, first of all, to learn to play.

For the present it would seem as if the girls in the factory dormitories would have to be reached *en masse*, but the girls living in their own homes or boarding we are hoping to touch individually by organizing night classes, educational, recreative, and religious, and this suggests to our minds a simple, attractive building to which the girls would love to come, and this in turn will, I am sure, suggest to the minds of those who have long enjoyed the things for which the Association stands the opportunity

that might be theirs to make the same joys possible to thousands of girls in Japan.

Recently the Tokyo Board invited several directors from companies in Oji employing large numbers of girls and women to a discussion of plans for Association work, and there was a consensus of opinion that, besides small day nurseries, a large central building should be erected as soon as possible, and were ready to consider the challenge to provide the land if the Association would secure the money for the building. Won't you *accept* the challenge to make the building possible?

Reviews of Books.

The Meaning of Faith. H. E. Fosdick. Published by the Student Christian Movement, 32, Russell Square, London, W.C. 1. 1918. Pp. 318. Price, sewn, 3s. 6d.; boards, 5s.

This book follows the same arrangement as "The Manhood of the Master" and "The Meaning of Prayer," which have proved so helpful to so many of our readers, and it will be equally prized by those who procure it. These are days when it is impossible to live in peace of mind without faith, without a deep-rooted certainty of God working out His purpose despite all, through all, the present upheaval of society.

The author has "not intended or endeavoured a complete theology," rather he has written for men and women in the actual struggle with life and its problems. Each of the twelve weeks' studies is almost complete in itself, as it faces those problems most urgently debated by such people, and at the end one's faith is indeed strengthened and one's grasp tightened upon the realities more real than all our present difficulties and perplexities. The book inspires fresh courage to persevere, and one would welcome it even longer than it is.

As in Mr. Fosdick's previous books, the weekly meditations considerably surpass the daily sections; and, as before, his quotations might have fuller references to the books from which they are taken. Even those who are not students in College cannot help wishing to know in which of Carlyle's, Robert Louis Stevenson's or other prolific writers' works, this and that suggestive passage may be found. The War may be the justification for the poor appearance of the book and its relatively high price. If so, we may now happily hope that future editions will improve upon this first one in these respects.—E.I.M.B.

The Way of Christ. Alexander C. Purdy. Published by the Woman's Press, 600, Lexington Avenue, New York. 1918. Pp. 166. Price, cloth, 75 cents.

These studies extending over ten weeks take the life of Christ as the founder of a New Order of society and gradually work out the principles

of citizenship in that order. The study is primarily of the text of the Gospels, and the point of view is that of one who sympathises with democratic modern young people.

At the end there are carefully worked out suggestions to class or circle leaders, which include interesting references to contemporary literature. —E.I.M.B.

Fellowship Prayers. Selected by SARAH T. DICKINSON. Published by the Woman's Press, 600, Lexington Avenue, New York. 1918. Price, 75 cents.

This collection of prayers, some of them quite short, others longer than Church collects, covers a wide range of devotional literature, ancient and modern, especially modern. The want of classification, to which we are accustomed in other collections, is at first somewhat baffling, but at the same time it encourages the personal use of the little book, and we feel sure many will treasure it for private prayer and corporate intercession. In these days, when especially young people find extempore prayer so much more difficult than did apparently those of the last generation, it is good that Association leaders should possess themselves of a variety of books of written prayers, that they may be lent to girl friends. Many such will welcome this particular collection.—E.I.M.B.

The Little Daughter of Jerusalem. By MYRIAM HARRY. Published by J. M. Dent & Sons, London and Toronto. 1918. Pp. 300. Price 6s.

One of the most interesting developments of Y.W.C.A. work arisiug out of the War has been the girls' club and hostel at Jerusalem opened by the Palestine and Syrian Relief Fund workers. Numbers of Syrian girls and others of many nationalities have found their way to Jerusalem during recent months, and they greatly need friendship and a helping hand. This book shows how cosmopolitan Jerusalem was even before the War and gives a very interesting picture of one family of the commercial class which will soon resume its hold on the life of the city. The story is autobiographical and very well told. It might almost have been written to arouse interest in the need for such work as that of the Y.W.C.A. above mentioned, little as it was probably known to the author! —E.I.M.B.

Little Master. By A. KATHLEEN SHORTEN. Published by the Church Missionary Society, London. 1918. Pp. 93. Price 1s. 9d. (illustrated).

Ceylon is an all too unfamiliar part of the world to most of us, and this story, attractively written and with every mark of having really happened, is therefore welcome. It concerns a little girl and boy who became Christians under the influence of a faithful ayah, and to show what it cost them, as well as the ayah, to confess their Lord, is the purpose of the book. They knew in grim reality the force of St. Matt. x. 32-37, and the story is an appeal to us to enter into the fellowship of their sufferings who are coming into the Church from heathen families.

E.I.M.B.

Association and General News.

Australian Y.W.C.A. War Work.—"The presentation of a 'Hut' with equipment for the use of 'Queen Mary's Women's Army Auxiliary Corps' in France has been made by the Australasian Young Women's Christian Associations, and the sum of £1,300 was cabled on the above date from this centre, whence the idea originated.

"Mrs. Sully, the much-loved former President of the Australian National, has been requested to make the presentation to the World's Committee. The appeal has been so favourably received that it has been a pleasure to realise how much patriotic spirit has been stimulated, and interest aroused in the noble work done by the women of England and France.

"Under the enthusiastic leadership of Mr. Tate, the Director of Education for the State of Victoria, the loyalty and patriotism of the children attending the State elementary schools has been developed with remarkable success. Every school has its own committee, and works enthusiastically to raise funds for Red Cross and other War efforts. Two hundred and fifty pounds was allocated to the W.A.A.C.'s Hut Fund. Since the outbreak of the War these Schools have raised £445,000 in cash for War relief objects, and have provided comforts worth £100,000 for troops abroad and soldiers who were now in hospital, and in addition have obtained £140,000 for investment in War Savings Certificates. So that the public generally has every reason to be proud of the War relief works done by the pupils of the State Schools."—E. A. PEARCE, Melbourne, *Sept. 18th*, 1918.

TASMANIA.—Miss M. A. Geddes, general secretary of the Girls' Work Department of the Australasian Y.W.C.A., writes as follows of a visit to Tasmania from July 4th to 18th:—

"In the days June 18th, 19th and 20th, general Girls' Department work was done. I also attended a Leaders' meeting, which was held in preparation for the Sydney Association Conference, which was held at Blackheath from June 21st to 26th. A Sydney Girls' Department Club Concert was attended, and supervision given in one of the examinations for the Training School Students.

"It was a great privilege to be a member of the Blackheath Conference and a class leader, when the text book, "God's Will for a Man's Life," was studied, and to have charge of the Technical Hour when the National work was presented.

"On my return I found a good deal had to be fitted into the remaining week at Headquarters, such as attending the Secretarial Committee, correcting the Girls' Department examination papers, in preparation for my journeyings, and in study.

"On Tuesday, July 2nd, I sailed from Sydney for Hobart, and after an exceptionally fine passage arrived at my destination on July 4th. From that date until the date of my departure the Girls' Work has claimed my attention. And how much more pleasant and easy was it to work in the new buildings with space and equipment for the girls, than in the former cramped quarters which they occupied when I paid my last visit.

"A splendid chance had been given the Association by the Schools' Department of the Christian Union to organise a School Girls' Camp, and so for the first week of my visit I was one of the five fortunate leaders who accompanied fifteen school girls to Collinsvale—the girls represented the different schools in Hobart. The results of this Camp cannot be put down on paper. It is sufficient to say that the plan was definitely made

to bring to every girl what she needed most—the reality of Jesus Christ in her life. No leader or girl will forget those six wonderful days of prayer, study and fellowship together.

"After Camp I met with the Guardians' Circle, which is formed of the Guardians of the All Round Club and Hearthfires (there are five All Round Clubs and one Hearthfire), and one or two prospective Guardians. It is worth noting the fact that practically every member of the original Hearthfire started here three years ago is now a leader.

"On Sunday afternoon I was the speaker at the Association meeting. I next spoke at the Guild of Helpers' Annual Meeting—and was the guest and spoke at a very original tea given by the members of the All Round Club. This was followed by a rally of the girl membership and their friends, when dialogues, stunts, etc., were given by the members, and I again spoke, this time on the Girls' Department of the Y.W.C.A. The result—an increase of membership. The girl membership stands at 100 at present, four-fifths being club members. Next I met with the Girls' Work Committee and the Board of Directors. I spoke at two drawing-room meetings on the purpose of creating and enlarging the interest in the Association and girls' work, and, secondly, to recruit volunteer workers.

"A girls' work secretary is urgently needed in Hobart to conserve and develop the present good work, and so I gave part of two days to calling on various people for the purpose of securing her salary, and am glad to say a start has been made.

"My visit was reluctantly brought to a close on the evening of July 18th with a general meeting for women and girls, when I had another opportunity of giving an Association talk. The daylight saw me speeding northwards to keep my appointment at Geelong, where I am due on July 22nd."

GREAT BRITAIN.—A most interesting review of the period from April, 1917, to September, 1918, has been published by the Young Women's Christian Association of Great Britain. The War has brought many new sections of girl life into touch with the Association, as the following extracts show:—

"Over 100 new centres have been started either for munition girls, clerks, or the Women's Services during the period reviewed.

Munition Girls.—More than twenty-five of these centres have been for munition girls, for whom there are now more than sixty different centres under the management of the War Department, besides many other efforts to meet their needs that have been made locally. Sixteen new canteens have been started this year in a variety of factories, including shell making, gas shell filling, aeroplanes, wireless telegraphy apparatus, observation balloons, electric light globes, rope-making, hand grenades and gas masks. Eight new clubs for munition girls have been started, two in new huts built by the Young Women's Christian Association, and the others in existing buildings which have been either rented or given and adapted for the purpose. In one place where the building proved unsuitable, the Ministry of Munitions have kindly lent the Association a hut.

There has been a great development in summer recreations such as tennis, swimming, bicycling, etc., which must be a very welcome and healthy change for the girls, many of whom have now been working for more than three years at arduous and monotonous tasks. One of the club leaders has taken a cottage where girls go in turn for week ends in the country. Lectures, Debates and Study Circles are being developed in connection with our new Education Department.

On the whole the housing problem for munition workers has not been so acute as in the two previous years, and only one new Hostel has been opened, for educated aeroplane workers. But in connection with two of

our Clubs, emergency cubicles have been built to meet the needs of girls stranded for the night, and for whom it was impossible to find lodgings immediately. There has been an increase in the number of educated workers with whom the Association has come into touch through its centres for munition girls, and these will add to the number of this type to whom it is hoped the Young Women's Christian Association will be of permanent use, whatever profession they may take up in the future.

Women Clerks.—There has been great development in Young Women's Christian Association work for women clerks during the year, and there are now many different centres for them, either clubs, canteens or hostels, under the War Department, besides a very large number organised by local branches and the Divisional offices. The strain of the war has been as great on these as on any other of Britain's great army of women workers. Long hours, overtime, meals in a crowded restaurant or shop, and journeys home in a still more crowded 'bus or tube, all tell on the nerves.

The question of meals for these women has for some time past been a very serious one, both in London and other large towns where the luncheon hour is always a very crowded one. Often a woman has to wait half the hour she has off from her work before she can get served, and sometimes she fails to get any food at all. The Association has done much to fill this great want, and during the year has opened several new restaurants and canteens. The canteen at Victoria station (London) is always crowded, and feeds many hundreds of women clerks and other war workers every day. The two restaurants in the City are so much appreciated that a site is being sought for a still larger one which can be run in connection with a club for women clerks near the Bank. A great deal of this work will almost certainly be permanent.

The War Department always endeavours to keep to the principle of never undertaking feeding and catering unless it is at the same time possible to do something else for the girls, and so insists on running a rest room whenever possible in connection with the restaurant. A very charming room has been put at their disposal by the Ministry of Munitions, which is much appreciated by the women clerks, and where a Young Women's Christian Association worker is always present to give information and help to anyone who may desire it. Both for the City Finance Campaign and the West End Appeal many clerks undertook to collect to show their appreciation of what the Young Women's Christian Association has done for them, and quite a large sum was given in small donations from both Government and bank clerks. At the Hotel Victoria, as well as elsewhere, a great deal of the success of the restaurant is due to the splendid band of 60 voluntary waitresses who for so many months have given such willing service. Several canteens have been opened for Army Pay Clerks, some of the principal ones being at Blackheath, Woolwich Common and Chatham. Another has been organised for the clerical staff of Queen Mary's Army Auxiliary Corps in Grosvenor Street and one for National Service Clerks. At Farnborough the Young Women's Christian Association is running a canteen for the clerical staff in the Royal Aircraft Factory, and has also a hostel and club for the same girls.

The policy with regard to clubs has been to open them for *all* the girls of the neighbourhood, not confining the membership specially to clerks, Q.M.A.A.C.'s or any specified war workers. A very successful club has been opened at Walsall, where 1,000 girls joined in the first few weeks. The town was so enthusiastic about the club, that it raised half the amount necessary to adapt disused chapel premises for the club, which promises to become a very important permanent branch of the Young Women's Christian Association.

'Bus Girls.—The Association further endeavours to supply the needs of the numbers of women now going into the London 'Bus Service. Many of them already are making use of existing huts, and one has been opened specially for them at a terminus of a 'bus route, where they can go in and eat their dinner and have a few minutes' rest.

Land Girls.—We have also this year undertaken work for land girls. An organiser has been appointed, and special rest rooms have been opened in various market towns, such as Lichfield, Nottingham and North Walsham. Many are making use of the already existing Young Women's Christian Association Clubs, notably at Canterbury and Scarborough. Two special hostels have been opened for them at Huntingdon and Waltham Abbey, and others are under consideration.

In the summer of 1917 a most successful effort was made on behalf of the flax pullers at Yeovil in Somersetshire, and in consequence the Association was asked to do the same this year. The Young Women's Christian Association was responsible for the catering and the social side of the work, and the girls were specially dependent upon some kind of amusement on the wet days when flax pulling was impossible. The welfare worker started a meeting for prayer and war intercessions in a barn, which the girls continued to hold by themselves when she was obliged to leave. This year the Association was asked by the Women's National Land Service Corps to undertake welfare work for camps of flax pullers in other parts of the country. As this work has been chiefly undertaken by University and Training College women during the vacation, it is bringing the Young Women's Christian Association into contact with another set of girls, among whom we may hope there are many future workers for the Association.

Q.M.A.A.C.'s and Women's Services.—Though the type of girl met with in our huts for Q.M.A.A.C.'s both in England and France differs little from those who use the huts and canteens for other war workers, the nature of the Young Women's Christian Association work for them must necessarily be rather different, owing to the type of their employment. What has proved to be most useful is a hut combining the usual club with a light canteen, though other needs have caused different developments in various places, such as a hut opened all night with sleeping accommodation at a station for Q.M.A.A.C.'s returning from France on leave.

FRANCE.—The Young Women's Christian Association began its work for the Q.M.A.A.C's in France, in conjunction with the Young Men's Christian Association in May, 1917, when Miss Knight and Miss Hindley went out to inaugurate the first hut, and to start whatever other work they found possible. During the year fifteen huts have been built and eight central clubs started in various base towns, which, considering the difficulties to be coped with and the entirely new ground to be covered, is a testimony to the enterprise and energy of our workers, who in their turn pay constant tribute to the help and support which they have received from the Young Men's Christian Association workers, in conjunction with whom the work has been carried out.

Huts.—The huts are either in or near the camps where the girls are actually working, so that they can go there during their leisure intervals. They are cheerful, bright rooms, made as much like home as possible, with English books and papers, facilities for writing, a piano, gramophone, comfortable chairs and sofas and flowers. Entertainments and amusements of various kinds are arranged for each evening, to which men friends are often invited.

Central Clubs.—The central clubs are in the towns to which the girls naturally go when they have some time off, and our workers have come to

regard them as perhaps the most important contribution to the well-being and happiness of these English girls in France. Many of them have never left England before and are quite unfamiliar with the ways of a French town and with the French language, and our own clubs form a safe and central meeting place for the girls and their men friends. There is generally an attractive tea room where friends can have tea and chat together. There are also in some of the clubs bedrooms where the Q.M.A.A.C.'s can stay when passing through the town, and in others a room is set apart for the use of Q.M.A.A.C. officers.

Hostels.—The problem of where to live has become an even more pressing one for the working girl during the past year, especially for business women and clerks. The Young Women's Christian Association War Department has now opened 21 hostels of various types, and the demand for others is constantly being made. The larger hostels in London, such as Bedford House and Ingram House, are always full and often have a long waiting list. In the provinces many of the older hostels have opened their doors to land workers, and others have enlarged their premises to receive more business girls.

Two London hostels have moved to better and larger quarters; Rossie House is now at 31, Eccleston Square, and the Fulham hostel has gone to Park House, Earl's Court Road. The Theatrical Hostel in Fitzroy Square has been re-opened, after being closed for repairs, and is fully used.

Two new hostels have been opened at Chatham; the first one was filled up at once and accommodation in the second was bespoken long before it was ready. Other hostels have been opened at Bexley Heath, Dartford and Ipswich, while Bristol and Southampton have doubled the size of their existing ones.

In the Midlands the majority of the Young Women's Christian Association hostels have been full to overflowing and, many, like those at Birmingham and Coventry, are anxious to extend.

A new hostel in Lincoln is just being opened, and the Outlook Club at Leeds has taken a furnished house as a Residential Club for its members.

It is obvious that Young Women's Christian Association hostels are meeting a very great need, and we are probably only at the beginning of what needs to be done, especially in regard to hostels for the more educated women workers. Every month more girls are leaving their homes to work in Government offices, banks and business houses, and every month the difficulty they experience in finding good and cheap accommodation increases. It is impossible to believe that this demand will decrease much after the war. A hostel seems, too, to give greater opportunities than almost any other branch of Young Women's Christian Association activity, for offering to this type of woman and girl the three sides of our great fellowship, giving them refreshment of body, mind and spirit.

Emergency Hostels.—This year a very urgent call has come to the Young Women's Christian Association to do something to meet what, for want of a better name, we call the "Street problem," and an effort has been begun to help a group of girls who perhaps need such help more than any other. Emergency hostels are being established for any who find themselves stranded at night time, or who are brought in by the police or women patrols. So far it has seemed chiefly a London problem, but our work all over the country has shown the need of similar efforts elsewhere. In many of our clubs and hostels the Association workers come into touch with girls to whom "the life of the street" is offering attractions. Much has been done in the past to save them from the horrors of such a life; but now the time has come when these girls are asking yet more of us both for their own sakes, as well as for the sake of public morality and the future of the

race. This work is bringing the Association into very close contact with the Young Men's Christian Association and their similar work for men, and this is one among other fields of work, where the two Associations are in co-operation.

We are also hoping to have at least three huts in different parts of London as Information Bureaux for enquiries, to which any girl may come who is stranded or in need of help, and be passed on to the right agency.

Religious Work.—The great lesson of the year has been the realization of the oneness of our work, and that there can be no division into secular and religious when the spirit of our Lord works through the whole. But in order that this thought shall be kept constantly before all who are engaged in any part of the Association's work, we need those who are specially responsible for developing the spiritual life of the whole. The Religious Work Committee have kept this aim before them during the year. Many Retreats and Quiet Days have been arranged both in London and throughout the country. Evangelistic meetings have been held in most of the war-time clubs and canteens. A whole-time secretary has been appointed for the work at Headquarters, and the Committee, under the chairmanship of Miss Z. B. Fairfield, has been strengthened by new members who are giving very earnest thought as to how best to meet the spiritual needs of young women.

The war work has once more brought before us how widespread is the instinct to pray, and in many places, such as canteens where it is difficult to give addresses owing to the noise of coming and going, groups of girls will welcome the opportunity of retiring for a few minutes' prayer and intercession for the war in the little quiet room which is generally near at hand."

Carrières Féminines aux Colonies.—"Tout d'abord, il faut rappeler que l'indigène a beaucoup de considération pour le "toubib" (docteur). Alors que pas un étranger n'est autorisé à pénétrer dans le logis familial, le médecin est introduit auprès des malades. C'est par coutume autant que par religion qu'il est défendu aux hommes d'apercevoir les épouses de leurs amis, de leurs parents; tandis qu'une femme est toujours admise à rendre visite aux autres femmes. Les études médicales favorisant déjà l'approche de la famille indigène, on peut donc espérer des grands bienfaits dans l'utilisation de doctoresses aux Colonies.

"La mortalité infantile est considérable chez nos peuplades des autres continents. On ignore totalement les premiers soins à donner aux nouveaux-nés; on ne s'occupe guère de l'hygiène dans les habitations.

"Prenons, par exemple, la statistique de 1912 du gouvernement général de l'Algérie, on trouve:

Musulmans; naissances	137,517
décès	82,147

"Or, si nous prenons en détail ce total, nous voyons:

Décès du premier âge, c'est-à-dire avant 1 an ...	13,001
Décès de 1 à 2 ans accomplis	10,779
Décès de 3 à 4 ans accomplis	5,089
Décès de 5 à 9 ans accomplis	4,617
Total...	33,486

"La race musulmane perd donc chaque année 25 % de ses enfants âgés de moins de dix ans et sur huit décès, il y a trois enfants en bas âge.

"Il faut prévoir dans chaque colonie un service d'hygiène et d'assistance médicale dirigé par des docteurs et surtout des doctoresses européennes, dont le rôle serait d'enseigner la médecine à des sages-femmes indigènes, de

visiter fréquemment les villages, les cases et les tentes et de lutter contre la mortalité de la population.

" C'est, du reste, ce qui vient d'être ébauché en Afrique Occidentale Française où le Gouverneur général a, dans le décret du 18 février dernier, prévu la construction et l'organisation d'une Ecole de médecine pour indigènes."—" *La Française*," 22 *juin*, 1918.

GREECE.—" Une Française qui habite la Grèce et qui est très bien placée pour y observer le mouvement des idées dans la haute société, nous envoie ses impressions personnelles sur l'état du féminisme là-bas.

" On eût fort étonné les Grecs, il y a quelque dix ans, en leur parlant de féminisme. Aujourd'hui, ce mot symbolise malgré tout à leurs yeux, la vieille fille ridée, laide et sans le sou qui, par rancune contre le sexe fort, veut lutter ouvertement avec lui.

" Parmi le monde élégant d'Athènes, au hasard de conversations, l'idée féministe est toujours énoncée d'une voix hésitante, peureuse, et les femmes elles-mêmes, prises de commisération, se détournent.

" La Grecque, dès son plus bas âge, est élevée avec l'idée fixe de plaire aux hommes et de se marier au plus tôt. Sa mère, avant de lui mettre quelque chose dans la cervelle, l'habille et la pare avec infiniment de soins. A 13 ans, la petite fille est enlevée à l'école grecque : elle en sait suffisamment, dit-on. Et l'on commence alors à lui apprendre mille choses : à chanter, à danser, à parler des langues étrangères. Quand elle a 18 ans, elle fait son entrée dans le monde, où elle se marie aussitôt. La dot est donnée sans réticence aucune au mari, qui en fait ce qu'il veut.

" Parmi le peuple, la femme travaille faiblement dans quelque usine, dans quelque ouvroir, quelque magasin, puis elle se marie, et l'ouvrage est complètement mis de côté. Dégradation pour la Grecque qui convole, de continuer son métier. Très rares sont ces femmes de basse classe, ou de petite bourgeoisie, qui veulent bien condescendre après leur mariage à gagner quelque argent par le travail de leurs propres mains.

" Excessivement superficielle, dépensant beaucoup à sa toilette, la femme hellène, qu'elle appartienne au peuple ou à la société, admet comme une raison primordiale, qu'à l'homme incombe tout le labeur, à elles par conséquent, toute la dépendance. De la tutelle des parents, la jeune Grecque passe à celle du mari. Elle semble parfaitement heureuse, elle n'a pas d'autre aspiration. De sa liberté totale, si jamais elle l'avait, elle serait, je crois, terriblement embarrassée.

" La guerre, cependant, a amené en territoire hellène, une foule de Français et d'Anglais, et créé, par la force des choses, une atmospère de vie intense. L'influence s'est immédiatement fait sentir. Les jeunes filles de la société ont battu des ailes, et la petite bourgeoise, s'est mise à réfléchir. Des femmes aujourd'hui, s'emploient dans les contrôles, les services de renseignements, les bureaux. Elles réussissent assez bien. Quelques rares jeunes filles à Athènes, secouées par l'activité environnante, suivent les cours du Gymnase, vont même à l'Université.

" Le mouvement est imperceptible encore, mais il est né. Son extension toutefois ne me semble pas devoir être jamais considérable, les femmes qui peuvent avoir de l'influence, s'en désintéressant un peu, et les hommes ne l'admettant pas du tout.

" Mais qui sait ? Un de ces jours peut-être, les Grecques, respirant l'air nouveau qui souffle d'Europe, songeront à une évolution quelconque. Elles ne la désirent pas, pour le moment, cette évolution, car elles ne sont pas encore formées à mener leur existence toutes seules, et à faire fructifier leur liberté de pensée et d'action."—" *La Française*," *Novemuber 23rd*, 1918.

INDIA.—The First Woman Professor in Bombay.—It will be of interest to the members of the Y.W.C.A. that Miss A. E. M. Moinet, a graduate of Somerville College, Oxford, and a member for some years past of the Executive Committee of the World's Y.W.C.A., has held the chair of History at Elphinstone College, Bombay, for part of the year 1918. Miss Moinet is a member of the Missionary Settlement for University Women, and the first woman to hold such a position in any college, Government or Missionary, in Bombay.

Association Progress in Bombay.—"On Saturday, July 6th, a new centre for the Bombay Y.W.C.A. was opened in Byculla. It consists of a ground floor flat, with a large room for meetings, a small class room and a reading room, bedroom and kitchen. At the opening meeting the Hall was crowded with a representative audience, including members of all Departments, who showed a keen interest in the development of this new centre. Various educational classes have already been started, and there will also be social gatherings for the members of the Vernacular and Student Departments, and numerous clubs and Bible classes will be able to make use of these new quarters.

"The Women Teachers' Guild began its course of Monsoon lectures last week with a successful orchestral concert. Lectures and concerts and socials are to be given in all these Branches: Gujerati, Marathi, and English. Some of the Army men, who have given up educational work during the period of the War, are helping us with our lectures."—"*Woman's Outlook in India*," *Aug.*, 1918.

JAPAN.—Summer Conference Impressions.—Two Young Women's Christian Association Conferences were held in July at Kobe College, kindly lent for the second time, and in the north, Shokei Jo Gakko (Baptist). Miss Gunter, one of the National secretaries, writes:—

"The thing that impressed me most at the Kobe Conference was the wonderful address made by Miss Kawai, contrasting American and European women with Japanese women at this time. She said that the time might not be far distant when Japanese women will be called to take their place beside the other women of the world, and 'what shall we do?' 'Are we ready?' Her knowledge of what was going on in our own country put me and other American secretaries to shame. She made a wonderful impression on the women present. The influence that she exerts in her own country is indescribable and cannot be appreciated by one who has not seen it for herself. The eagerness with which she is listened to everywhere should be a great inspiration to her, and it certainly makes us 'foreigners' proud to be associated with her. But as great as her influence is from the platform, the thing that impresses me most is the help that she gives to individuals. So many come to her with their vexing problems, and she is never too busy or too tired to listen to them, and give them help and comfort, such as she only can give. I wish that it were possible in some way to keep a record of the people she helps, and the kind of help she gives, but I never hear anything of that part of her work, unless I stumble upon it accidentally, or have to write some letters about it.

"The thing that impressed me most at the Sendai Conference was the story told by Mrs. Sada Onodera, of how she became a Christian. She was a very strong Buddist. Her husband was taken ill and she went to a priest for help. He told her that if she would go to a certain shrine on a certain temple on the top of a very high mountain every morning for forty mornings, she being the first to pray before the shrine each day, her husband would get well. If on any one of these mornings someone

preceded her at the shrine, she must start all over again. She must be the first to pray at the shrine for forty consecutive mornings. In order to be the first there she had to leave home very early, for the temple was four miles away from her home, and if she was to be the first there she must start long before the sun was up. Her description of how she left her sick husband and young baby, and of how she hurried and worried for fear he might need her before she returned, was most vivid. After she reached the temple she had to climp up one hundred stone steps, which were covered with ice and snow. She could not walk up with her geta on, so she went up in her tabe. She did just as the priest had told her, and at first she felt that her prayers had been answered and her husband would recover; but finally he died, leaving her with three children to support and no visible income. She was desperate, and some friend suggested that she study Christianity, and spoke of Dr. Nitobe. So when he next visited her village she called on him and received her first instruction in the Christian religion. Her testimony as to what Christ had meant to her strengthened us in our faith, and when one sees a faith such as hers, we cannot but long for the time when this will be a Christian nation, for certainly these people have a wonderful contribution to make to our own Christian faith."

Emigration Work.—" Ships' matrons have been recently put on by the ships' companies, acting on the advice given them by Miss Matthew and Miss Kawai, regarding the need of chaperoning Japanese women in the third class. On the ' Siberia ' the third class Japanese matron is Mrs. Fujiyoshi, who is, according to the company's requirements, a Christian, thirty years old, and a woman of fine character. Moral conditions are already much better because of her work. Men and women third class passengers have been rigidly separated into different rooms, and the cabin boys in the women's quarters, who apparently used to be the chief cause of trouble, are very carefully selected. Mrs. Fujiyoshi makes it her first business after the ship leaves port to teach the young women in her care the conventions that they need to know. Her very presence to protect the girls acts as a strong preventive influence. In addition to this required work of chaperoning, I became deeply impressed, while on the voyage, with her opportunities for direct Christian work.

" During his trip last summer from America to Japan, Col. Yamamuro, of the Salvation Army, who also travelled in the ' Siberia,' had daily meetings largely attended by the third class Japanese people (and, by the way he told Miss Gunter soon after his return how greatly he had appreciated the way Miss Inez Crawford, who had crossed at the same time, had come every day to the singing). Sixty-seven people had been definitely converted during these meetings. Mrs. Fujiyoshi had been matron at the time also. On the voyage this Spring, in May, there was a widow whose husband had died during their voyage to America, and who was therefore returning at once, alone. I think Miss Ellis had been very kind to her while she had been in detention at Angel Island—at least her heart was ready for a message, and Mrs. Fujiyoshi gave her some leaflets on Christian fundamentals written by the Rev. Kanamori. At the close of the journey she said that through reading these her feelings had been entirely changed from despair to hope, and that she would like to learn more of the new teaching. Mrs. Fujiyoshi provided her with more Christian literature, including a hymnbook and Bible, at Yokohama, and Miss Kawai wrote to a Christian girl in her distant province to be her friend when she reached home. This was only one of several opportunities which developed during the trip, and we wished for a supply of Christian literature, having given this one person all we had.

" So when the ' Siberia ' was about to start from Yokohama on its next

trip to America, on June 22nd, I gathered up a few things from the Christian Literature of the Salvation Army, and took them to Mrs. Fujiyoshi. We were quite overjoyed to meet again, and prayed and talked together, as we had done on the boat, and went together to the Yokohama Association, for the first time, where we met the fine Committee who are working so hard to make it a success."—HELEN TOPPING, *July*, 1918.

SERBIA.—The London Units of the Scottish Women's Hospitals with which Dr. Elsie Inglis was associated during the last years of her life, have decided to endow a Chair of Medicine at the University of Belgrade when it is reconstituted. Serbian students previous to 1914 have studied medicine abroad, chiefly in Vienna and Berlin. The Elsie Inglis Chair of Medicine will give them the opportunity to qualify as doctors and surgeons in their own country. The scheme has the support of a very influential international Committee, representing the Eastern and Western Churches, education, science, art, letters and diplomacy.

SIBERIA.—At the request of the Japanese Chapter of the American Red Cross, Miss Margaret L. Matthew and Miss Ethel Fonda of the Y.W.C.A. in Japan, have been at work in Vladivostock since early in September on behalf of the refugees in that place. A good idea of woman's **work in Siberia may be gleaned from the following extracts from recent** letters received in Tokyo from Miss Matthew:—"We have engaged two **interpreters and will get one more, and yesterday, Miss Fonda, with one** and Miss Field with the other, started out to visit the families whose husbands' names are in the card file. You see a lot of these names were turned **over to us by the old Refugee Committee under the Russian régime. When** the Bolsheviks began to cut up, this Committee ceased to have any funds to work with, and so turned their people over to the American Red Cross. And then, in addition to these, others have come in themselves. Some of the people we know rather little about, and we want to know what they need and what they can do in the way of work. The reports that came in yesterday were interesting—one group of girls and women have each put in 50 kopeks and started a sewing society, rented a room, and are taking in sewing. **Do ask our Association girls to gather 5,000 toys, half for boys and** half for girls, and about 300 rag dolls for babies. We are going on distributing food each week to the families that are in great need, and we are getting **work for them as fast as we can. Some of them live in barracks out of the city about three miles, and others in corners all over the city.** Even for these corners they must pay so much rent, that almost all they can earn goes for this. We give food, but the problem of clothes and shoes, and of schools for the children, and for medical attendance and places to put sick people in, is simply appalling to me at times. When the cold weather comes, we shall have a lot of sickness, of course. We are trying to find three places for distributing milk, one in the centre of the city, and one at each end. Also, we want to give out hot soup at these places.

"Now about clothes. We are making out a list of things to be got in Japan, like knit underclothes and stockings, and materials for undergarments and dresses. These Mrs. Payne will order and we will have the refugee women make as much of them as possible. This will earn money for them, and teach them things at the same time. And now, in addition to the requests for toys that I sent to you, the first week after I came, comes the request for things that Japanese girls can make. We want little white aprons for all the children up to ten years. We will send you some samples of just the kind of thing that is worn here, and these can be copied. Also, we want babies' caps knitted, and socks, and children's sweaters, mufflers, **mittens, and children's caps. These, I think our Association girls will love** to make, and in addition to the plain dresses that the mothers will make for their children here, I thought that we might ask some of the Fujin Kwai

to make little tochirimen dresses for best dresses for the little girls. Could this not be done by girls in Government Schools, as well as by girls in the Y.W.C.A.?

"I am happy to think of our girls and women having something very practical to do for the girls and women over here, for I know just how they will love it, and I think, too, far ahead, to what it will mean to the people here to realise that the women of Japan can understand and feel for the women and children of another country. It is strange to me to realise how little people here do understand Japanese people, although the countries are so near to each other."—*"The Japan Advertiser," October 13th,* 1918.

UNITED STATES.—"When the 'girl situation' in the United States threatened to become acute with the mobilisation and training of the troops, some of the most experienced secretaries of the Y.W.C.A. were interested in the girls living in Plattsburg, New York, where one of the first officers' training camps was fixed. The success of this club led to the request of the Commandant for some provision for the women visitors. Out of this has come the hostess house idea, which has spread like wildfire. At present, the Plattsburg Club has 145 successors and 216 club workers. The 67 hostess houses have called in a staff of 270 hostesses, including cafeteria directors, etc. There are also women connected with the industrial cantonments, the social morality teaching, and the large tasks in coloured work, etc., etc.

"It was necessary to draw many of the leaders from regular Association positions. This was especially true of the supervisory work. It was also necessary to find great numbers of women with experience in Christian and social work, or who have been volunteers in the Y.W.C.A., and could be given some brief form of intensive training. The result has been that the Secretarial Department, which has been for many years one of the eight regular departments of the National Board, and has conducted the full year training school as well as the shorter first year classes in connection with the field committees, and had charge of the summer school, is now being greatly extended, so that it may conduct the Personnel Bureau, recruiting and training workers for all sections of the Association movement, war work, both in the United States and overseas, industrial, girls' work, recreational leaders, etc., etc. Brief courses have been held in connection with the summer conferences and will be held at all of the first year training centres at nine places throughout the country. The summer school was the largest in the history of the movement, rising from an attendance of eighty-three in 1917 to one hundred and twenty-two in 1918. There were also fortnight informational courses for war workers, English speaking executives of foreign communities, foreign speaking members of foreign community staffs, etc., etc., making in all two hundred and six persons. Special courses for industrial and foreign workers, for recreational leaders, etc., have been held from time to time. Best of all, grants have been made which have enabled some unusually strong faculty women and volunteer workers to enter the National Training School for the full year graduate course. These women will be able to take large responsibilities at the end of the year.

"The popularity of the Y.W.C.A. is very great, because of the publicity given it by its war work, and the keenest and most seasoned judgment is needed on behalf of all the members attached to the Personnel Bureau staff, both in bringing in able new workers, and in turning into other channels people whose enthusiasm outmeasures their capacity for Christian leadership."—ELIZABETH WILSON.